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VOLUME XXII JUNE 1935 NO. 6

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Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXII JUNE, 1935 No. 6

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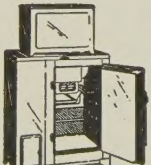

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Similitude

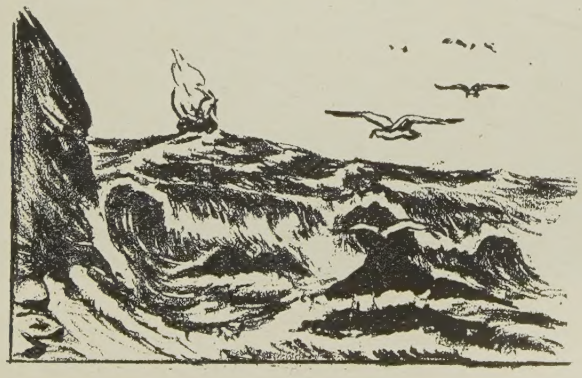
By Alberta Huish Christensen

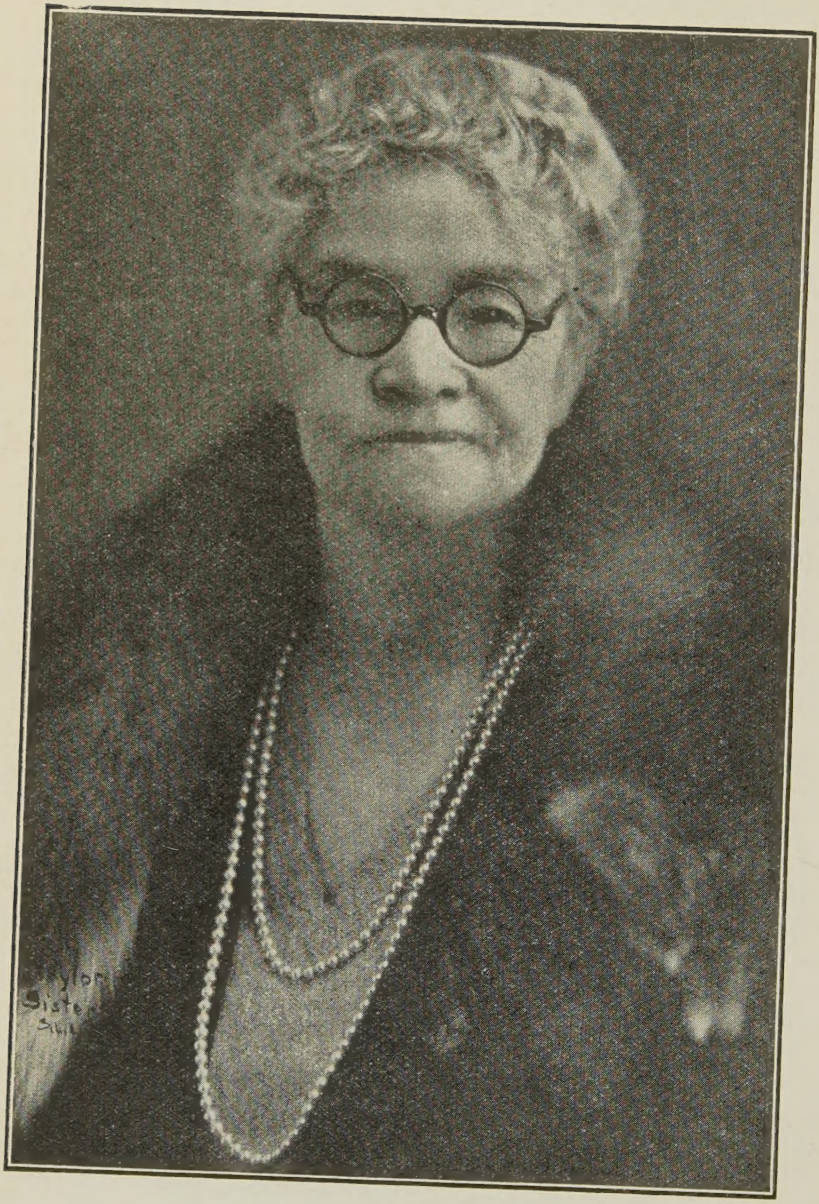
So much I find of springtime in the smile
Of joyous youth; for each in rapturous glee
Forecasts fulfillment of its promise
As surging waves foretell an angry sea.

So much my heart is like the sobbing rain
In autumn, when the leaves are dead and sear;
Calm and subdued but with a plaintive note—
Perhaps the feverish echo of some fear.

And yet oftimes like birds that herald dawn,
My soul breaks forth in wild, exotic strain,
Blithesome and boundless with that love of life
Which permeates the woodland after rain.

We dwell apart, and songs so much akin
On our deaf ears are lost, they are not heard;
Yet are they not alike, in God's great world
Yes much alike this man and flower and bird?





SARAH M. McLELLAND

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXII JUNE, 1935 No. 6

Greetings to the Relief Society

Address given at Relief Society Conference April 4, 1935, By Elder Alonzo A. Hinckley, Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

THIS is an absolutely new picture for me to look into this sea of faces—faces of the mothers of Israel, and I am thrilled through and through. My innermost desire is that the Lord will cause me to say something that will comfort, that will strengthen you, that will take away care, that will soothe you and free you from any anxiety and inspire you with the assurance that the Lord is at the helm, and that His work moves on gloriously, and that we are a select people, people of the Most High God, not a people that are vain, not a people who take unto themselves any feeling of superiority, but a people who are favored, a people who know the Lord's program, a people unto whom He has revealed knowledge that has been withheld from the world, not knowledge that we like to withhold from the world, but knowledge that is withheld from the world because they cannot understand it.

I just came out of the Temple. I received my assignment to come to you, just a few minutes ago, in time enough to walk across and into this meeting. I sat in that Holy House today in deep meditation. I have listened to the prayers of men—chosen men—who knelt before the altar of the Lord and pled the cause of Zion—not only the cause of Zion, but the cause of the world. They plead, if it were possible, that God would withdraw the world from the approaching dismal depths of a world war; that He would particularly guard, guide and direct the destinies of this great nation of which we form a part; that He would make His people—the people of this Church—the light upon a hill; that He would, through the channel that has been appointed speak His word, reveal His mind, offer His warning, and care for His own.

To whom and upon whom do *we* depend? I know the answer first would be "the Lord." The answer is right, but I must add to it also—those who speak by divine authority, the Priesthood, upon the mothers, upon the wives, the sisters, those who love peace, who cleave to righteousness, those whose hearts are inclined to God.

I GREET this great organization, the parent of all auxiliaries in the Church, one of the greatest of all the organizations. I am fresh from the mission field—I feel and sense the importance of Relief Society work better than I ever have at any other time in my life, as a converting fac-

tor, as a stabilizing factor, as an administering organization.

We had a very practical, a very fine man come out in the mission, he was a High Councilman, he was a man of force, and his first introduction of himself was something like this: "I am here, I am available, I will give the best that is in me, but it is not my training, it is not my experience to quote the Scriptures, the Word of God. Converted—yes, in every fibre of my body. I am acquainted with men and women and their manner of life, and with the world. I know how to meet people; I love all my contact with men and women, but what shall I do in this brief period of time out in the mission?"—"Brother, you are old enough, you are experienced enough, you are sound enough in all of your fundamentals. We will just vary the mission rule to this extent, we will not tie you down to the responsibility of traveling two and two. Go out into this unbelieving world, find a way to offer to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to testify to the fact that you are out here appointed and commissioned to speak in the name of the Lord, sent as an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ." He went out and did not try, in the brief time he was there, to acquaint himself with chapter and verse of the Holy Scripture, and to teach people, if it were possible, the difference between the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, as it has been restored and the Gospel as they have it and teach it in the world, but he said:

"I was led. Some women had given notice that they were holding a meeting, and that they were discussing the question: 'What can we do to throw a safeguard around our children and bring them into the Church and into the service of our Father?'" He said men were invited, although it was a ladies' organization. A few men were courageous enough to venture into that meeting. Women arose and discussed and offered suggestions; "finally," said he, "I felt constrained, I felt impressed that I should stand up and say what we do and what we are doing. So with an explanation of how we meet the situation with trained mothers, how we train the mothers and prepare them to care for the children, I launched out and gave them an outline of Relief Society work. We save, we conserve to the Church the best that there is, that which is born in it, and that which grows up with it, and we do it through these mothers."—"Then give us your views on how to train children," I was asked. "I was acquainted with the Primary work, and I gave the explanation."

He was invited here and there, to clubs, to societies, to those who were seeking, and all he gave was as best he could the outline, the efforts put forth in this Church through these auxiliary organizations. He had more invitations to speak and explain than he could fill. He came back saying, "I will tell you what we need in the mission more than anything else. The world is full of theory, the world is anxious to see something in operation, something that works, something that is tangible. If we had it so that we could put it on a reel, if we could film it, and could show the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to the world as it is actually functioning and operating, it would do more than all the tracts you can distribute, it would do more than all the visits which the Elders make from time to time."

THE Church in its organization is perfect, teaching every soul from the aged to those in the cradle. We know the way is perfect but the Lord deals with the imperfections with which we are beset. The

great question, the question we must all answer is: How do we, in the places we are appointed to fill, acquit ourselves? To you, the question is: Is there a due appreciation in the heart of every mother, of her home? Does she know that her highest relationship is to be a true mother in Israel? Does she love her relationship standing by a righteous man? Does she love her responsibility leaning over a cradle? Is she a queen as she moves about in her home? Are her children jewels? Is she saintly and sweet in their sight? To her husband, does she furnish a companionship and maintain a sweet relationship that brings heaven into a home and makes every soul therein happy? Has she ceased to court? Is the day of married life a drudgery or is it a holy consummation? Does she rise up and call her husband blessed? Does he put his hand under her chin and look into her care-worn face and pronounce her beautiful? Does he praise her as the comrade of his youth, as the wife of his bosom—as an eternal part of him? Are they "one," each a complement to the other? Is motherhood the greatest blessing that can come? Are children truly the heritage of the Lord? Has the Lord designated it as it should be? Does a man cleave unto his wife and none other? Does she find joy in all the good that comes to her husband? Does he know that back of him, that opens up all these possibiilties, is a sweet power, a righteous power, a saving power, a chaste, virtuous, faithful, untiring soul—a wife?

It has been my high privilege to travel over land and sea. Never did the sun go down without in my heart I could feel, and in the vision of my mind I could see the children in my own home, not by compulsion, but with tenderness and sweetness, drawn to the knee of their mother where they lisped their prayers, and looked to God for help. That is as it should be.

The qualifications for living and for service in a woman or a man are identical. When the Lord declared to the father of Joseph the Prophet—that father who had such great faith, said to his son, after the son had reported the visit of Moroni to him, "The thing is of God," and he knew it from then henceforth. He came to his son and said: "Inquire of the Lord what there is for me to do." I think perhaps I could not do better than to turn for a moment and read to you the glorious words the Lord gave in answer to this inquiry:

"Now behold, a marvelous work is about to come forth among the children of men.

"Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day.

"Therefore, if ye have desires to serve God ye are called to the work:

"For behold the field is white already to harvest; and lo, he that thrusteth in his sickle with his might, the same layeth up in store that he perisheth not, but bringeth salvation to his soul; and faith, hope, charity and love with an eye single to the glory of God, qualify him for the work."

These qualifications you may apply to women as to men. These are the qualifications for every sister within the sound of my voice—they are the unchanging things, of which Sister Lyman has talked to you. Truth never changes, God's Word never fails. These qualities that He names in this revelation are qualities that endure forever. Faith—is there a mother here who cannot go with full trust unto her Father in Heaven, knowing that He hears and answers prayers. We turn to God with faith —faith, hope, charity. This is the great institution of charity. Charity

is in part physical, but that is only a small part. To see me with my struggles, to see me with my weakness and know my weakness and whisper hope to me—that is charity. Charity and love with an eye single to the glory of God. Do not be looking for praise. Yours is a more holy duty than that.

Yours is silence, yours is unseen, yours is service, beautiful service, and the reward that comes is that which speaks to the soul. The Lord says that it shall be single to the glory of God. Remember faith. Oh, I would like to preach faith, virtue, knowledge. Why did the Lord put virtue before knowledge? I think He revealed in another revelation "Let virtue garnish your thoughts unceasingly, then shall the doctrine of the priesthood distill upon your souls as the dews from heaven."

God's way is perfect. We are right, we know it. Let this great organization—the first of the auxiliary organizations—never neglect the old, bless their souls, but the young are the problems, the young that have been brought in out of life's highway, and are shut out. The young women who have the thousand cares; the young women who think the world has forgotten and is moving on without them and they feel lonely, and would like to be in the marching procession. Draw them into your great organization, enhance the beauty of your organization with their youth, their zest, with their understanding, and still let tenderness and sweetness be ministered unto those who are older. Let this organization be one among others, that shall build up faith. I want to leave this finally and last: Faith in whom? Faith in God our Father, faith in Jesus Christ our Lord. Closer than that, faith in those whom the Lord our God has called. Closer than that, faith in your husbands who bear the Holy Priesthood; faith in your son who is called into the ministry, and faith of a mother in the dignity of the calling of a son, a faith that would have him feel at the age of twelve years as Jesus felt when he answered Mary, his mother: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

I beg of you mothers warn your sons and prepare them for the day when God shall give them a ministry and by the laying on of hands, they shall receive the Holy Priesthood, and let them feel the spirit that came to the Lord our God, "I must be about my Father's business." Such will bring you glory that the world can never offer. Any woman whose son can stand and look her in the face and call her blessed, and she can look upon her son and say, "The Lord hath given me a son, a man, in His own image, after His own heart" is greatly blessed. Do not look for the passing thrills of life. They will not bring you enduring joy, they will fade into insignificance, but these Holy things will endure forever.

God bless you in your organization, your leadership, all of you in your ministry, in your sweet singing, and all who contribute to the building of the Church and Kingdom of God upon the earth, that eternal institution which endures forever, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Not Bread Alone

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

I

"LINDA, *must* I wait until you have seen your uncle?" Henry Bowers' serious dark eyes looked pleadingly across the cafeteria table, and his hand closed over the girl's slim fingers toying nervously with a paper napkin.

Linda Borchard nodded, but she couldn't quite bring her blue eyes to look into Henry's. She was afraid of yielding to their appeal.

"But you love me, and you've said that you'd rather get married than to finish college or go on with your music. What else matters?"

"Henry, when you've met Uncle Peter, I believe you'll understand why I have to talk it over with him. You see, darling, he's been my father and my mother both for a long time, and things I do mean everything to him."

"Of course. I can understand that. But from all I gather about him, his one big concern is your happiness. We love each other and want to be married. So why can't we be engaged—now, before I have to leave?"

"I'm sorry to make things harder for you, dear, at a time like this. But I believe Uncle Peter will be here before your train leaves. I told him I *had* to see him. I know it seems strange to you that it matters so much, but I must talk to him first. I—I—Henry, I don't quite understand myself. I'm sure he can help me to see—things straight."

"But what if he shouldn't get here? And what if Dad—doesn't get better? If anything—happens, I can't come back to school you know."

Linda patted Henry's hand and bent nearer to him across the table.

"I'm so sorry about your father, dear. Would it—change everything—if—"

"Everything. Dad was the only one who could understand at all my wanting to come to college. Mother's not very well, and she—well, she's sort of lost her grip on things. Troubles she's had—I told you about Effie. She's never got over that. And I've told you what a sap my brother Melville thinks I am even to want to go to school."

A waitress came to clear the table. The two got up and walked through the outer hall of the Commons to the quad.

Linda's blond curly head lacked a foot of coming to the top of Henry's shoulder, and the slenderness of her straight little figure was emphasized by the breadth and thickness of his well-formed body. She put her hand through his arm as they walked toward Perkins Hall, the girls' dormitory, and he pressed it close against his side.

"How far is it to your Uncle's place?" he asked.

'Only eighty miles. But it's a real country place—part of the way is by bus. When you come back you must go out with me for a week-end. It's strange how Uncle Peter hates the city when he loves so much the things that are usually found in cities—music, painting, books. But I don't blame him for loving The Hutch. He gave the place that name when he took it after he came from the War—shell-shocked—and we've always called it that."

"What if he doesn't get here, Linda?" Henry was looking at his watch. "It's after one and my train leaves at three twenty."

"I told him it was very important, and I know he'll come."

"What if he doesn't like me? What if he won't give his consent?"

"He'll like you, darling. I'm not afraid of that. But—"

Henry looked down at her puzzled at what was troubling her.

"He'll have a lot of things to ask us," she went on slowly, "and maybe—his questions will help me to see some things straight that I—can't be right sure about now."

"Linda, what? Don't you know for sure that you love me?"

"Silly! I was never so sure of anything else in my whole life."

"Then what else is there to worry about?"

As they walked up the steps to the dormitory hall, a girl with a tennis racquet under her arm passed them and said,

"Linda, your uncle is waiting for you in the lounge."

Linda pulled Henry after her and threw herself into the arms of the slender old gentleman whose worried grey eyes peered up at Henry over her shoulders.

"Uncle Peter, this is Henry. Come on over here, both of you, where we can be by ourselves. The two men shook hands and followed her to the alcove by the window.

When they were seated, Linda reached for a hand of each and bent toward them.

"Henry's father is very ill, Uncle Peter. He had a stroke last night and they're afraid—he won't get—well. Henry has to leave on the three-twenty. That's why I had to see you at once."

Peter Marks' penetrating grey eyes looked understandingly from one to the other. He smoothed his thin mustache. "I'm sorry," he said to Henry. "But sometimes strokes are not as fatal as they seem at first." Then he waited, looking at Linda.

Henry cleared his throat.

"You see, Mr. Marks, Linda and I love each other. We want to be married. At least I do, as soon as possible; but she wants to talk things over with you before we—really become engaged."

The old man swallowed quickly and his fingers closed gently over the girl's hand. He searched her face for affirmation.

"We do love each other, Uncle Peter,—very much. But I— I—don't know what I ought—what I want to do. You've been so good to me, giving me all my music and this chance to go through college. And Professor Dione has been encouraging me a lot about my work. He wants me to apply for one of the Julliard music scholarships and go to New York for a year. He really says that he thinks I'll make good at teaching. So you see, Uncle Peter, I can't tell what to do." Linda paused, looking uncertainly from one to the other.

Peter Marks transferred his gaze from Linda's face to Henry's. For a few seconds he deliberated, then he spoke slowly:

"Must a question so important to —all of us be decided at once?"

"You see, sir," Henry quickly explained, "if my father—doesn't get well, I won't be back to college, and it would mean—well, just everything to me to know that we could be married soon; or at least to know that we're engaged.

Linda's eyes were bright with love for Henry, but her fingers clung to her uncle's.

"Is it just that you feel that you should go on with your education

and your music because we've talked about it so long and worked so hard for it that you can't decide, Linnie? Is it because you imagine you are obligated in some way to me—and to your mother—to go on?"

"Oh, Uncle Peter, I don't know. That's what I can't tell. I love my music and want to go on. And I love Henry and want to be married." She took her handkerchief from her bag and dabbed at the tears in her eyes.

"Then the question can't be settled now," Peter Marks said with finality. He turned to Henry and put his hand sympathetically on his knee.

"I'm sorry, my boy, but you'll have to give Linnie more time. This is something you can't settle by flipping up a coin and saying, 'heads I marry and tails I finish school!' It means the happiness or the unhappiness of too many lives." Henry was disappointed, but he said nothing.

"If you must leave soon for the train, I'll walk to the station with you while Linda arranges to go home with me for the night. There are a lot of things to be considered in a question as important as this; even an old bachelor like myself realizes that."

They all stood up.

"I left my bag in the administration building across the quad. We can pass that way," Henry said.

Peter Marks walked toward the door leaving the young people for their goodbye.

"Linda, does it have to be this way?" Henry's arms were around her and she was weeping against his sleeve. "When we know that we care like we do, is anything else important? I can't understand your not being sure if you really love me as I love you."

"I do, Henry. You must believe that. And I'll never love anyone else in the world. But I must have a little time." She clung to him and his arms tightened. Their lips met. Linda continued to sob as they moved toward the door.

THAT evening Linda sat with her uncle under the pear tree near the vine-covered cottage he called the Hutch. It was a moonlit evening and the spring breezes sifted showers of petals over the rustic bench upon which they sat. Neither during their journey home nor while they had prepared and eaten their supper, had they mentioned the problem about which they were both thinking and which had brought them together. After the dishes were washed and Linda had hung her apron behind the door, they had come as by habit to the pear tree.

It was here that Linda had been comforted after her mother's death and made to feel certain that death was not the final, tragic thing it seemed. It was here, also, that she had learned from the man beside her the things she needed to know when she was changing from girlhood to womanhood and there was no mother to perform the office. It was here they had spent long hours reading together, enjoying sunsets and moonrises, and planning her future.

For a little time they sat without words, enjoying the bond which held them so close together. They watched the moon rising higher over Blue Hill and felt the waxen pear petals falling upon them. Peter Marks touched the girl's soft curls with his long fingers and looked down at her pointed chin.

"The first question, Linnie," he began slowly, and she knew by the look in his eyes how much her going away with Henry was going to mean to him, "and of course the biggest question is, are you sure you love this boy?"

Linda reached for his hand and

held it in both of hers. How precious he had always been to her.

"I do love him, Uncle Peter. I love him so much it hurts. I love him as much as I do you and Mommy —only it's different."

"I understand that, honey. It's natural and right that this different kind of love should come to you. Our problem is to find out if it is the genuine article and also to look into a few other things—that might stand in the way of your happiness."

"Henry is wonderful, Uncle Peter. I wish you knew him. He's not just big and strong and good to look at; he's ambitious and clean and fine in every way. I know you'll like him when you get to know him."

"I like him already. That isn't the problem. What worries me, Linnie, if you really love him, and I think you do, is whether or not the handicaps of his—well, I suppose I may call it background, have robbed him of some of the things that will be very necessary for the complete happiness of a girl like you."

"I don't know what you mean, Uncle Peter."

"And I'm not sure that I can explain." He searched for words. It was several seconds before he spoke, then he said impressively,

"It is not by bread alone that man lives. There must be something else for full living—beauty, I suppose it is—beauty in some form—to feed the soul as bread feeds the body."

"You mustn't think, Uncle Peter, that just because Henry was raised on a farm that he can't appreciate—other things. He does. I've seen his eyes fill with tears when he's been listening to me play."

"I don't want to seem hard, honey. But were you sure he was *listening* to your playing, or watching *you* play? Two kinds of beauty would be involved there, and I have no doubt in the world that he could sense the one to the fullest."

Linda looked at him wondering if she understood. Her uncle continued:

"You were born with a good deal more idealism than the average girl. I am not saying it is the best thing in an age like this. At least, it's not the most comfortable inheritance one might receive. But you have it—just as much a part of you as your blue eyes and your pointed chin and your impulse to stamp your feet when things don't go right. It's a part of your Grandmother Marks who was the talk of this whole part of the country in pioneer days because she refused to leave her organ when she crossed the plains, and because she went barefoot for two years so she could buy a set of Shakespeare's plays. Your mother had it, and it made her give up a life of luxury and ease and come back to poverty and hard work so that she might be more sure of giving you the things she thought were more precious than the *bread of life.*"

"But I know about my father, Uncle Peter—that he wasn't the kind of man Mommy *could* go on with. You don't think Henry—"

"No, no, honey! Not that. I'm sure Henry is good and straight-forward and clean and fine as you say. He'll never be rich, perhaps, but I think he'll always be able to supply his wife and children with shelter and clothing and food—with the bread of life. But those are not *all* of the essentials to living; they are not even the main things for people like your Grandmother Marks and your mother, and—you and me, Linnie."

"I know what you mean, darling. Music, poetry—just sitting quiet under a pear tree and thrilling over the kiss of cool petals against our cheeks

and the lights and shadows the moon is making on Blue Hill. But can't people have such things, if they want them, even out in Cedar Basin?"

"I suppose if people want such things badly enough, they can have them anywhere. Your Grandmother Marks proved that. But it's much harder in some environments than in others and among people who do not consider such things essential. Henry told me that there isn't a public library within three hundred miles of his home, and that the nearest high school is thirty miles away. People do not have lawns and flower gardens around their homes—they're too busy with their fields and the water is scarce. And Linnie, there isn't a piano in the entire community." He paused and looked down at her bent head.

"I know all those things. That's why I had to talk to you before I answered Henry. I couldn't be sure whether such things *were* important. But people don't have to live like that; you've just said so yourself. Henry and I wouldn't have to. We could have our books and music—and there are glorious sunsets and moonlight and streams of water everywhere. We could find or make those things, couldn't we, Uncle Peter?"

"To an extent, yes, if they mean enough to you, and—if there aren't too many other forces against you."

"I know I'll have to give up some things. I can't go on with my music and there won't be lectures and concerts. And worst of all, I'll be miles and miles away from you. But there would be other things—I love Henry. I can't think of going on without him. I guess you don't know how—feeling that way about someone is."

The old man's fingers tightened over hers.

"Yes, I think I do, Linnie. But sometimes—we have to go on—even while thinking we can't."

Impulsively her arms went around him. She remembered the photograph of a young girl which had always stood on his dresser.

"I'm so sorry. Forgive me, darling."

He patted her shoulders.

"That's all right, honey. It wasn't so hard after you came. And if you are sure you feel like that, the other things don't matter so much. If you feel that you can't go on without your Henry, go and write and tell him so, and we'll hope for the best."

"Thank you, darling. Thank you." She sprang up and kissed him, then ran toward the house, leaving Peter Marks in the moonlight praying that she would find through her love much more than the bread of life.

(To be continued)

To Blanche

By Weston N. Nordgren

You made me see the life divine—
You made me understand.
You gave your tender heart for mine—
And gave to me your hand!

You lighted up my world for me,
With your sweet dimpling smile;
You taught me love's religion;—and
You feared it all the while!

You're brave and noble, little girl—
You feel the depths of life;
Your sweet, pure grace—your beauty, too—
Has conquered over strife!

I see the full-blown rose of youth
When 'ere I see your face;
And in my heart you are enshrined,
Deep in its Holy Place!

Sarah M. McLelland

By Mary C. Kimball

ONE of the blessings of a long and useful life is to have a storehouse of memories of service well done and of a life filled with good deeds. Now, when Sarah M. McLelland can no longer be as active as she was of yore, she has such a storehouse of memories to draw from, for from her early girlhood she has been busily engaged in her Father's service.

Sarah M. McLelland comes of sturdy Scotch Irish lineage. Her parents, Thomas and Elizabeth McLelland, received the Gospel in Scotland in 1841. They gave devoted service to the Church in their native land from the time they joined until, impelled by their desire to meet the Prophet Joseph Smith, they emigrated to the United States on their wedding day in 1844. When they saw the Prophet Joseph Smith and his wife, Emma, and heard him speak with power on the Godhead, they said they felt repaid for their journey and when Brother McLelland shook hands with the Prophet a thrill went through him and he felt to say like Ruth of old, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Brother McLelland worked as a stone cutter on the Nauvoo Temple and rejoiced in the completion of the House of the Lord. He was a member of the Nauvoo Legion. He and his wife passed through the hardships entailed by the expulsion of the Saints from Nauvoo. They arrived in Salt Lake in 1848. He assisted in building the Salt Lake Temple and also served for many years as Bishop and his wife as President of the Relief Society in the 7th Ward. He served as a member of the City Council in 1870. It is not to be wondered then that the daughter of this faithful couple, born ten days after the Saints returned from camping on Utah Lake after Johnston's Army had marched through the city and established themselves at Camp Floyd, should devote her talents and energies to furthering the great Latter-day work. After attending the school of Franklin D. Richards and later that of Dr. Karl G. Maeser, she began her Church service as a Sunday School teacher in the first Farmer's Ward Sabbath School in 1876. She has been a bulwark of strength to that Ward ever since serving in its various organizations. For 10 years she was counselor and for 5 years class leader in the Y. W. M. I. A. For 4 years she served as a Stake Board member in the Granite Stake and was called to be Stake President of the Y. W. M. I. A., but was released from this obligation to become a member of the General Board of Relief Society May 12, 1911.

During the years 1909 and 1910 she labored as a missionary in the Central States. When she received the call she thought, "Where shall I go for encouragement?" She opened her Bible and read, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Strengthened by these lines she went forward and the mission gave her the testimony Job received when he said, "I know that my redeemer lives." President Samuel O. Bennion said that in his long experience

there had been no better missionary than Sister McLelland. He said she came to the study period early in the morning well attired from her well-kept hair to her polished shoes. She was always ready for her work. She met the public graciously. She knew the Scriptures and how to use them. She was a worthy example to all women missionaries of her time and those who followed her.

In 1911 she did missionary work on the Temple Block. In 1914 she took the Red Cross work given by the Relief Society. For 6 years she was a most successful teacher in the Senior and Theological classes in her Ward and also assisted at that time in the Teacher Training classes. For 24 years she was a most valued member of the General Board of Relief Society. She visited the organizations frequently, indeed, she has the highest number of visits made to Stakes of any member of her Board.

In 1891 her twin brother's wife died, leaving six children under twelve years of age. Sarah assisted her mother in raising this family and when in 1900 her mother passed away, she cared for the children until her brother married again in 1907. They loved her as though she were their real mother. Most of them married from her home. She saw to it that all had the opportunity of a good education. She says she never permitted one of them to go to bed feeling badly towards her. Everything was always made right before they and she slept. She said, "children never hold anything against you; they forgive easily.

It was Sister McLelland's privilege to attend the National Council of Women with President Emmeline B. Wells in 1913, the session being held in New York. She also went to the meetings held in St. Louis in 1918 in company with Julina Smith and Amy B. Lyman. She holds a life membership in the Daughters of the Pioneers and is a member of the Genealogical Society of Utah.

Although she has done so much public work, Sister McLelland has always been a good home maker. She is an expert needle woman. For years she earned her living as a dressmaker and later was a most efficient and charming clerk in Z. C. M. I. She delights in Scripture study. She observes closely, her information is always authentic, and she makes accurate deductions. She has always evidenced loyalty to the Church and its leadership and has conformed her life to its teachings. Her Ward Relief Society President says that she is always able to meet every situation and her presence lifts all to a higher level. While she is broad-minded and tolerant and exacting in herself, she is generous in her judgment of others. She says, that while Noah did get drunk he also built the Ark. Always willing to serve, the performance of her duty has been characterized by cheerfulness and efficiency.

N. J. Teerlink, the Superintendent of the Sabbath School of her Ward, says, "One does not need to manufacture thoughts in an exaggerated way when one speaks of Sister McLelland, as her character stands out based on good deeds and example.

"As a class instructor she has been unsurpassed, not only in regard to a knowledge of the Gospel, but with a perfect command of her audience or class, backed by proper enunciation and good articulation. She has always been able to control a group of younger folks, even those who were frequently uncontrollable by men teachers.

"I have heard her speak on programs as an extemporaneous speaker, and her talks always surpassed the ones given by those who were well prepared, both in material and delivery.

"Without flattery she is the Eliza R. Snow of our community, as far as leadership and dignity is concerned, qualified for any position that a woman can hold.

"From her Sunday School classes have come some of the most prominent men and women in our city, including a Stake President, Bishops, heads of auxiliary organizations, and many missionaries.

"To very few can the following tribute of President David O. McKay be given, but to me Sister Sarah McLelland has earned the following words to the letter, 'The religious teacher's duty is to lead her pupils over moral and ethical hills to the glorious heights of spirituality, where the Spirit of man may receive the illumination of God's Holy Spirit."

Sister McLelland has never sought office but has always responded to every call that has been made upon her, giving to each duty the best that was in her. She feels that her experience in the Relief Society work has greatly enriched her life for it has given her the opportunity of learning to serve by serving. Feeling that her health would no longer permit her to fulfill the duties of being on the General Board of Relief Society, she showed the right spirit in asking to be released so that another might be put in her place who could do the necessary work. Her request was granted and while Sister McLelland cannot longer actively participate in the work of the General Board she will never lose her interest in the great Relief Society Cause.

The Prevention of Crime

Address delivered at the Relief Society Conference, April 3, 1935

By Dean Milton Bennion

CRIME cannot be overcome by repressive measures alone, but rather by a constructive program of character education in the home, the church, the school and the community at large.

This constructive program involves not only development of high individual and social ideals, but also reconstruction of the forms and functions of organized society that all may share in the work of the world and thereby be lifted above beggary and want; these are among the breeders of crime. Honest work and a just share in its rewards are great stabilizing factors in life.

Justice calls for a society so organized as to provide all with opportunity to work. This follows from the principles laid down by the fathers of our country in the Declaration of Independence. The right to life carries with it the right to an opportunity to make a living. Liberty without opportunity is an empty term, and pursuit of happiness is a great illusion for millions of Americans today. For these the right to work is more urgent than are the general abstract rights embodied in American patriotic oratory.

There should be cooperation of all social agencies of a community to make that community an ideal place for young people to grow into responsible, law-abiding citizens. The power of example is not restricted to the home, it is also a most important factor in community life. If the adult population practices or tolerates vice and dissipation what can be expected of the youth of the community? Yet many adults bemoan

the sins of youth without seeing that these sins are in large measure due to the example of their elders and the general indifference of adult citizens toward community morality.

The first step, therefore, in the prevention of crime is a thoroughgoing community house cleaning. Right now is an opportune time to put out of business the dance halls, the beer gardens, and such other places that have taken advantage of beer-selling privileges to engage in more lucrative and questionable sidelines. Why should anyone be allowed to profit either directly or indirectly by any business that contributes in any way toward the corruption of youth? Only business that renders a real service should be tolerated.

THE normal human being is naturally social; this characteristic is strongly manifest in children and youths and is expressed in their gangs, clubs, and societies; these may become agencies for either good or evil. Organized adult society should see that these junior organizations are under leadership that will make them agencies for social good. Keep in close, sympathetic touch with the leaders of these groups. Help them to develop high group standards by which individual standards and practices are largely determined.

Lead the youth to foresee the consequences of various types of conduct and thus enable him to direct his own course intelligently. This applies to groups as well as to individuals. Cultivation of the moral imagination is a much neglected phase of education. It should begin in the home. Lead children early to foresee the possible consequences of certain activities and so to refrain from doing things that are likely to turn out unhappily for either themselves or others. This will forestall much evil doing and shut off one approach to crime.

IT is not enough to be a student of child nature in general. Every one responsible for child training should study the nature of each individual. Mothers know very well that no two are alike. Adults should have regard for the interests of the child and not make unnecessary demands that run counter to his purposes. As every adult should be treated as an end in himself and never as a means, so also should the child. This principle should determine what kinds and how much work may be assigned children at various age levels; it should also be the determining factor in child labor legislation.

Treat the child sympathetically but firmly. A wavering parent loses control. Nevertheless a mistake on the part of the parent should be readily admitted and corrected; but be careful always to avoid hasty judgments, often based upon inadequate information or on mere emotional upset.

Take account of the transition from childhood to youth. Do not continue to treat the youth as though he were a child. He resents it. Give him a chance to grow up mentally and morally as well as physically.

Janet Murdoch Thompson

By Margaret C. Pickering

"A good heart, benevolent feelings, and a balanced mind, lie at the foundation of character. Other things may be deemed fortuitous; they may come and go; but character is that which lives and abides, and is admired long after its possessor has left the earth."—*John Todd.*

JANET MURDOCH THOMPSON is the eldest daughter in a family of five living children of the late David Lennox and Elizabeth Thyne Murdoch. She was born August 8, 1884, in a house built by Dr. Karl G. Maeser, the great pioneer educator, at 69 G Street, Salt Lake City, and she has lived there the greater part of her life. It has always semeed to the Murdoch family that the exalted spirit of the builder remained in that home and served as an inspiration to them.

Both parents of Mrs. Thompson were born in Scotland and were married there. Following their arrival in Salt Lake, they were reunited in the Endowment House. Mr. Murdoch enjoyed a long and distinguished career in business and religious affairs. At the time he joined the Church, he was serving in London as secretary to Mr. Wm. W. Whitelaw, member of parliament. He was widely known as a man of scholarly attainments and notable integrity.

In 1905 Mr. Murdoch returned to his native land to preach the gospel. In 1907 Mrs. Murdoch and Janet went abroad to join him. On this trip Mrs. Thompson had the pleasure of accompanying her parents on a visit to their birthplaces.

As a girl, Mrs. Murdoch attended Dollar Academy near Glasgow and was an accomplished pianist, having mastered that instrument she was also a member for years of the Glasgow Choral Society in the early days of its development.

Reared in an atmosphere of stability and refinement, Mrs. Thompson reflects these qualities. In her the practical and the aesthetic are ideally blended.

MRS. THOMPSON was educated in the Salt Lake City schools and the L. D. S. College. She is well known as a musician and has given generously of her talent. She was married to Jerrold E. Thompson September 29, 1909, in the Salt Lake Temple, and from him has received whole-hearted support and encouragement in all her activities. This same attitude of loyalty is shown by her sister, Mary, who makes her home with them. They have no children but their home has always been a popular gathering-place for their many nephews and nieces.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are lovers of the outdoors and for many years their vacations have been spent in motoring to points of interest throughout the country.

SINCE she was old enough to do so, Mrs. Thompson has taken an active part in Church work. Her first official duties were in the Sunday School, followed by work in Mutual and Primary, both as teacher and organist. She was Ward President of the Primary Association in the 20th Ward for years. She served for thirteen years in the presidency of the Ensign Stake Primary Asociation. Seven years ago she became a member of the Relief Society board of Ensign Stake acting as or-

JANET MURDOCH THOMPSON

ganist. In 1931 she became president.

Her administration has been characterized by a well-balanced program along both practical and aesthetic lines. On the practical side she has sought to standardize relief to the needy, to develop their strength and raise their morale; to relieve ward presidents of responsibilities that could be assumed by others.

On the aesthetic side a cultural program was planned whereby all who wished to do so could participate. On "work" day, new forms of handcraft and home decoration were developed with a view to bringing more comfort and beauty into the homes of the members. A demonstration of this work was given by Ensign Stake during the recent general Relief Society Conference.

Believing that "language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined"—a class in speech and vocabulary building was given in each ward last year. This year a class in social culture has been conducted with a view to making daily contact easier and more agreeable and life more beautiful and impressive.

MRS. THOMPSON is blessed with a sunny disposition, alertness, integrity and a wealth of common sense. She has the ability to draw people to her and to inspire them to function at their best. Reinforced by humility—the essence of true religion—she goes forth to her work on the General Board eminently qualified. The love and good wishes of her many friends accompany her.

A Letter to Tomorrow

TOMORROW you must know each dream and hope,
The poor performances with which we'll cope;
You may hold sorrows keen, and bitter tears,
Which now are masked to salve our trembling fears.

Perhaps Tomorrow, friends may fail—betray,
And still you beckon us—nor can we stay,
Because you are akin and have the key
To days that follow days so endlessly.

Perhaps you think it best, we do not know,
Because what's in your day will help us grow.
With wondering we'll meet your roseate dawn,
And as by magnet through each hour be drawn—

For good or evil, faith or negligence,
Our hurts and scars a vast experience.
Then you, TOMORROW, pass to claim your own,
While we go on to reap what we have sown.

—*Elsie E. Barrett.*

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JUNE—Earth clothed in her loveliest garb invites exultant youth to new adventures.

QUEEN MARY was never more regal than when in all her court splendor she greeted alike the humblest and proudest of her people during the silver jubilee of her reign.

LADY ASTOR, one of the most publicized leaders of the British Parliament, was a forceful speaker in behalf of equality for women at the conference of the Suffrage Alliance held in Istambul.

PUNDITA RAMABAI 40 years ago attended the World's Congress of Women in America and made an impassioned plea in behalf of the children of India. Is her work forgotten? Now, after years of grace, Mother India is again permitting mass child marriage ceremony.

ETHIOPIAN women are being drafted to serve in the war now threatened between Italy and Abyssinia.

JOSEPHINE WINSLOW JOHNSON, Zoe Akins, both of Missouri, and Aileen Orlip of New Jersey, are three women Pulitzer prize award winners for 1934. Miss Johnson won the $1,000 award for her first novel, "Now In November," Miss Akins for her play, "Old Maid," $1,000, and Miss Orlip the annual art scholarship of $1,500.

JANE ADDAMS who died May 21st, received distinct homage in the first world round peace broadcast last month from many noted people. Mrs. Roosevelt gave a reception and dinner in Miss Addams honor at the White House, where she was hailed as "The truest American and none braver."

LADY DUFF GORDON, leader in style creation and designer of Lucile models, died last April in London.

MRS. MARIA Y. DOUGALL, daughter of the great pioneer, Brigham Young, died last month. She was prominent in civic and church circles and much beloved for her many graces.

AMY MOLLINSON, intrepid aviatrix, feels much safer in the air. Her only accident thus far was while riding in an auto.

HELEN STEPHENS, a high school girl of Missouri, threatens to take the laurels from "Babe Didriksen in the Olympics this year. She is the latest athletic woman star.

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, the Norwegian soprano of the Metropolitan, is said to be the biggest attraction since the retirement of Geraldine Farrar.

MARY GARDEN, famous operatic star, has accepted an appointment on the faculty of the Chicago Musical College.

MARIA JERITZ, a Viennese opera star's latest honor is not for singing but cooking. She received a silver medal for the best Hungarian goulash.

MARGARET DELAND'S new book, "If This Be I (As I Suppose It Be)," records memories of her own childhood and is delightful reading.

Our Shrines in the Holy Land

By Leah D. Widtsoe

TO a member of this Church, no trip to the Holy Land is complete without a visit to the final resting places of our dear and valiant sons who have laid down their lives while serving their fellow men in behalf of the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. A deeply appreciated visit was made to this interesting country by Brother John A. Widtsoe in the summer of 1933, while he was serving as president of the European Mission. The visit had a two fold purpose.

President Joseph Wilford Booth, who had spent the best years of his manhood in this mission, was suddenly called Home to the great Beyond on December 5, 1928. He was on a visit to the members of the Church in Aleppo, a city in Syria, when the "call" came to him very suddenly, through a heart attack. That country since the war has been under the mandate of France, and according to law, no body may be removed within a year of death. So the people buried their beloved president and deeply mourned his passing.

Sister Booth, the capable and loving wife of the president, closed the affairs of the mission as best she could with the help of Brother Ralph V. Chisholm, a secretary of the European Mission, who had just been released and was sent to assist her in this great crisis of her life. She returned to her home, and during the year the family of President Booth decided to leave his remains in the country which he had served so valiantly and amongst the people whom he loved so well.

The Church decided to place a suitable monument over his final resting place and Brother Widtsoe was commissioned to see that one was prepared and installed with fitting ceremonies.

A New President for the Mission

MEANTIME the mission had been without a president since the passing of Brother Booth. Finally, in the latter part of 1932, Brother Badwagen Piranian, a native Armenian, born in Turkey, but later a resident of Switzerland and a stalwart Latter-day Saint, was chosen to fill this important position.

So Brother Widtsoe's commission was two-fold: to dedicate President Booth's monument and to install a new president of the Palestine-Syrian Mission. The way was opened for the writer also to visit this mission, and a life-time of extra service will be but slight repayment for this glorious privilege.

Joseph Wilford Booth

PRESIDENT BOOTH was called as a young man on his first mission to the Turkish Mission, as it was then called, in August, 1898, where he remained until May, 1902. His second mission was from August, 1903, to November, 1909; and his last mission was from September, 1921, until his death in 1928—a total of more than eighteen years of active, intelligent and devoted service in behalf of the spread of Truth amongst these ancient peoples. The name was later changed to the Armenian Mission because most of the members of the Church there were of that race. He was made president of the mission for his last two terms of service.

During most of the time of the last two missions his devoted wife, Mary Rebecca Moyle Booth, was

with him, and for many years they were the only missionaries from Zion to labor with these millions of Arabs, Turks, Jews and Armenians in whose land this mission was established.

His labors took him into the countries of Turkey, Armenia, Syria, Greece and Palestine. Indeed, during his travels he covered most of the country traversed by our Savior and his Apostles, and in all of them he labored as diligently and faithfully as did any of the missionaries of old. This wide experience combined with his intensely studious habits enabled him to become a recognized authority on matters pertaining to the Holy Land and the Near East as a whole.

In fact, the last mission of Brother Booth was undertaken under an appointment to care for the disbursement of the funds and clothing gathered by the Church to alleviate the suffering of the Near-East refugees who were so cruelly treated by the Turks during the late World War. No better man could have been chosen, and he performed his many labors so successfully that he became the ideal of manhood for these down-trodden peoples. His photograph is placed beside that of the Prophet Joseph in most of the humble homes of our Armenian people today. They love and honor him as a real man of God. They love his wife also, for she was always his loyal and devoted companion in all his work.

In his Journal of May 1, 1905, while at Aintab, Turkey, Brother Booth writes: "May 1, 1905—At Aintab, Turkey. Reba (his pet name for his wife) and I took a walk through the cemetery where there were multitudes of people. I estimated them at from 15,000 to 20,000 people. We visited Elder Simmons' grave and then wandered around among the tombs and met many friends and held conversation with some of them. * * *

"What a difference of feeling among the people toward us from what there was about 6 years ago, when Elder Phil Maycock and I were driven from these grounds under a shower of stones. Now we have hundreds of friends among them. During the day a number of friends called to see us. Professor John E. Merrill was among them, and I talked with him two or three hours on the Mormon question.

"Ate supper at Nersis Kuljians and enjoyed the evening.

"This May Day has been a beautiful one, for the weather was almost ideal, and we have had the pleasure of meeting so many of our friends whom we trust will some day be counted as our brethren and sisters."

WHAT a delightful insight into his heart and labor is afforded us by this simple recital! He was truly a great missionary.

President Booth was a dear and loved brother of Sister James E. Talmage, who was always loyal and helpful to him during his long missionary labors. She took a most active interest in the welfare of the Armenian people and for many years, at a great cost of time and labor on her part, undertook to sell to friends and neighbors, some of the handiwork of these far-away members of our Church. The Armenian people love Sister Talmage for her unselfish labor on their behalf.

Apostle Talmage while president of the European Missions visited President Booth in Palestine and was instrumental with him in moving the headquarters of the mission to Haifa where they are now located. He, too, was always interested in the Armenian Mission as it was once called. The name has now been

changed to the Palestine-Syrian Mission, for it is hoped that many people other than Armenians may hear the voice of the true Shepherd and may accept restored Truth.

The Monument and Resting Place

THE cemetery at Aleppo, in Syria, where President Booth died, is out of town and beautifully situated on a hillside overlooking the country for miles around. The Armenian part faces the west, and Brother Booth's resting place is high up toward the upper boundary of the enclosure. The view of the rolling hills toward the setting sun is most inspiring, even though the country is arid and devoid of trees and vegetation in the summer. During the rainy season a carpet of wild flowers everywhere makes up in loveliness for the heat and drouth of summer.

The members of the Church had built a modest headstone and a large slab of concrete to cover the grave and to express their lasting gratitude for his devotion to their welfare. The large monument later installed by the Church is a fitting memorial, built of the best Scotch granite, and made in Liverpool, England. It is easily the most imposing in the Armenian section, and one of the best in the entire cemetery.

Presidents Widtsoe and Piranian pay respects to President Booth's Memory.

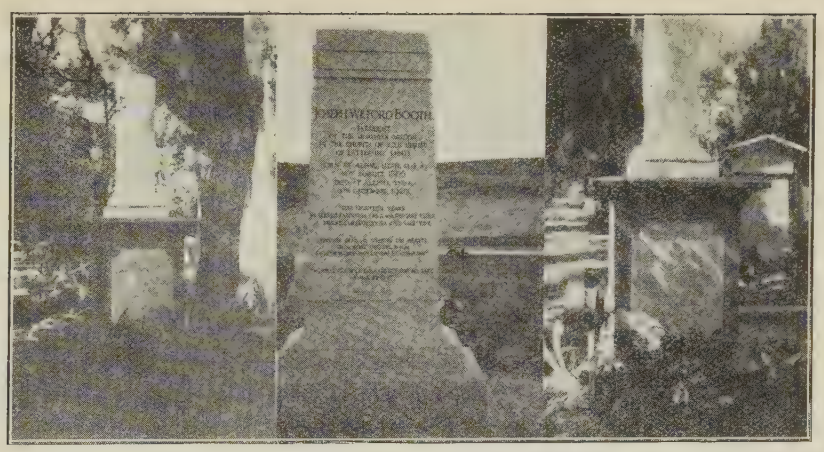
On the monument, in enduring lead which will not rust nor corrode, is written the following:

JOSEPH WILFORD BOOTH
President
of the Armenian Mission
of the Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints
Born at Alpine, Utah, U. S. A.
14th August, 1866
Died at Aleppo, Syria
5th December, 1928
For Eighteen Years
He served faithfully as a missionary
Elder in Turkey, Greece, Syria
and Palestine
Though dead he lives in the hearts
Of a host who hold him
In honorable and loving
remembrance
"Whosoever will lose his life for my
sake shall find it."

When the larger monument was placed, the small headstone of the members was put back of the larger one, so that their expressed loyalty might be permanent also.

Dedicatory Service

ON a hot Sunday afternoon, June 18, 1933, the dedicatory service over the grave and monument of President Booth was held. Present were all the members of the Branch and some friends, about fifty in number. The service was held in the late afternoon to avoid the heat of the day. Because of the scarcity of water, few flowers were to be had;



Monument of Brother John Clark | Monument of President Joseph Wilford Booth | The Monument of Brother Adolph Haag

but a large bouquet was purchased, and all the Saints who desired were asked to bring their tribute, even though it were but one green twig or leaf. Brother Garabed Sulahian brought an enlarged picture of their much loved past president, and the few flowers and greenery were placed around this, in evidence of their devotion.

After singing, in English, "Come Listen to a Prophet's Voice," in which most of the people participated, prayer was offered by the Branch President, Brother Nazar Bezzian.

Sister Booth had sent a pressed bouquet of flowers which grew over their doorway at Alpine, Utah, requesting that "they should be placed on Wilford's grave." This was done by Sister Widtsoe after the opening exercises. They were later placed under the small headstone so that they could not be blown away.

Just as the sun was setting, Brother Widtsoe made a few remarks, and then gave a beautiful dedicatory prayer, after which all sang "We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet." President Piranian dismissed the service.

Soon the people scattered, and we were left alone in the brief twilight to enjoy the spirit of peace, which pervaded the scene. Thank God for the knowledge that our friend is a busy missionary Over There, even though his body is waiting in a quiet, somewhat lonely spot in the hallowed land of our Savior's ministry.

Other Shrines

UNFORTUNATELY, there are several of our young missionaries who have laid down their lives in this far away land. Amongst the number is Brother Edgar Simmons, who died in 1889, and is buried in Aintab, Turkey. We have noted President Booth's visit to his grave in 1905.

While in Aleppo we also visited the resting place of Brother Emil J. Huber, who died in May, 1908. There, too, we placed some flowers and gave a silent prayer of gratitude for his service and sacrifice.

In the Haifa cemetery we visited the tombs of two more of our valiant sons whose remains lie peacefully in the Holy Land: Brother Adolph Haag, who passed away in October, 1892, and Brother John A. Clark in February, 1895. Here, too, we placed some flowers in memory of their devotion to the Gospel.

In each case our thoughts went out to the families of these dear lads, and our prayers for the continued comfort and blessing of their dear

ones yet on earth were heartfelt and sincere. We sensed again, most keenly, that Greater love hath no man than that he is willing to lay down his life for the welfare of fellow-man.

The Prospect Today

TO the mothers of future missionaries who may be called to this most interesting mission, may I pass a reassuring word. The scourge of small pox which carried off some of these missionaries is largely conquered today. If a young man is healthy when he leaves home, if he will care for himself hygienically and live on simple foods, as do the native peoples—which is but living the Word of Wisdom in its positive as well as in its negative aspects—he will be as safe in this as in any other mission on earth. However, here obedience to this wise law of health is imperative.

There is a great work in these lands awaiting the messengers of the true Gospel of Christ. The Jews are there in great numbers, and one day will hear "the call of the Shepherd." The countless descendants of Ishmael must also hear the message of Truth, for they too are God's children. Verily, is the field white for the harvest.

May our Father bless and prosper this mighty work in the Holy Land, as elsewhere upon earth!

Belle Smith Spafford

By Leone G. Layton

WE all have favorite quotations which we feel express our inmost desires of accomplishment in life. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"—Bible; "Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you"—Carlyle; were selected some years ago by Sister Spafford as typifying her creed. We who have been her close associates can testify to her success in living up to them. No matter what she has been called upon to do, she has given the best she had. Her standards have been high, and through her example others have been encouraged to try to reach them, for she has the happy faculty of seeing the good in all, giving commendation and encouragement wherever she has gone. In her Relief Society work she has won the love of all the women she has contacted, and her clear vision has been instrumental in helping a number of women solve difficult problems in their organizations. She has the quality of understanding and because of her friendly interest in all, she is sought after constantly for comfort and advice.

SISTER SPAFFORD is the daughter of John G. and Hester Sims Smith. She was born in Salt Lake City and has spent most of her life here. Mr. Smith died before Mrs. Spafford's birth and Mrs. Smith was left to rear her family alone. Never faltering, she made a home for her children, and her strength of character, devotion to the right, and great appreciation of the cultural values of life, have had a marked influence on the lives of all who have known her.

A carefree, happy childhood is the memory of Sister Spafford. She attended the Salt Lake City Public Schools and later the L. D. S. High

BELLE SMITH SPAFFORD

School and the University of Utah. Her first teaching experience was gained in the Salt Lake Public Schools. Here her interest was stimulated in childhood, its experiences and reactions and the studies of psychology and Sociology became her guide. Later she went to the Brigham Young University where she became a grade supervisor in the Training School. Her experience here in lesson-planning and analysis have been invaluable to the organizations in which she has since labored.

WHILE teaching in Provo she met and married W. Earl Spafford. Returning to the B. Y. U. she conducted a special group in Remedial Work. The year brought some excellent results and further challenged her interest in the study of Psychology. Here she obtained experience which was to stand her in good stead in her Relief Society Work.

HER earliest Church activities were centered in Mutual Improvement work, and as a Junior Girl she won the Church Award in Retold Story. At the age of eighteen she was called to preside over the Mutual in her ward and remained in this work both in Salt Lake City and in Provo for a number of years. She was also interested in Religion Class, and while a Stake Board Member assisted in formulating a course of study for this Organization.

In 1926 Mr. Spafford's business interests necessitated the removal of his family to Salt Lake City. Here Sister Spafford was first introduced to Relief Society as counselor in the Belvedere Ward. She was assigned Classwork as her division of responsibility, and here her wide social and educational contacts proved useful. Under her direction the class-leaders were stimulated to a realization of the responsibility that was theirs in occupying the time of a group of busy women, resulting in an increase of teaching efficiency. Her extensive reading and her understanding appreciation of a well taught lesson created in the leaders a desire to measure up to her lesson standards. Though the mother of two small children, she was never too busy to give her associates such help and encouragement as they required, at the same time keeping up her home interests.

The Social Service Course challenged her interest because of her studies in Psychology. Realizing the need of such a background in a stake leader, she was called to the Grant Stake Relief Society Board in 1932. Her splendid lesson preparation, her provision of lesson enrichment for ward leaders created great interest in the department. Leaders not of this Stake became regular attendants, and the quality of work presented in the wards was improved.

With the Organization of Wells Stake, Sister Spafford was called as first Counselor to Sister Marie Tanner who says of her, "Sister Spafford possesses an unusual and logical mind, she is a natural leader, her poise gives calm and peace. Rich in life's greatest assets, she is honest, outspoken, and straight-forward. Loyal to every trust, gentle and kind, her fine soul qualities inspire respect and confidence in the hearts of her associates. She gives obedience to authority. The sisters of Wells Stake love and honor her."

To her new work Sister Spafford brings an intimate knowledge of Relief Society and its problems, a clear vision of its aims and purposes, a spirit of humility and willingness to serve with all her strength wherever she is placed, and an abundant store of knowledge, coupled with rare ability to use that knowledge with wisdom and understanding.

Donna Durrant Sorensen

By Marie H. Tanner

DONNA DURRANT SORENSEN was born in Spanish Fork, Utah County, Utah, December 24, 1904. She is the daughter of Agnes Lewis of Spanish Fork and of the late Lorenzo J. Durrant of American Fork. Her grandparents on both sides were converts from the British Isles and crossed the plains shortly after the original pioneers.

She has ever complied with the fifth commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

This love and loyalty to her parents is also expressed in the verse:

"If I could give you just one gift,
I'd try to make your dreams come true,
I'd see that my life was so spent
That I would be a monument, commemorating you."

When Donna was eight years old, her family moved to Thatcher, Idaho, engaging in the Creamery Business but when she was in the sixth grade, her father moved his family to Provo that they might have the educational advantages of a Church school.

Donna entered the sixth grade of the B. Y. University training school continuing until she graduated from the college in 1927.

SHE gave efficient service as a Sunday School teacher and was called to labor in the Central States Mission from June, 1924, until June, 1926. Sister Lottie T. Bennion, who was mission mother during this time, says: "Donna was a remarkably outstanding missionary. She has a pleasing personality, was a staunch student, was very spiritual and had a broad understanding of the Gospel. She could enter many homes where others failed. Sister Sorensen was especially kind and interested in the new missionaries and was very agreeable with all her companions. She labored around St. Louis and Kansas City and spent one year at the Independence office doing clerical work. She never missed an opportunity of bearing her testimony and with her musical ability, was a great help in the conference. She was a ray of sunshine in the mission home."

UPON her return from her mission, she taught English and speech in the American Fork High School for two years. While there, she worked in the Mutual Improvement Association teaching in the Bee Hive group. She has also taught the Gleaner and Senior Departments and was counselor to the President of the Y. W. M. I. A. of the Capitol Hill Ward. She served as secretary of the Utah State Returned Missionaries for three years. Part of her duty was to arrange for their Sunday appointments and to plan their programs.

Sister Sorensen was married to Wesley A. Sorensen in the Salt Lake Temple, October, 1929. Brother Sorensen is very solicitous in his anxiety to be of assistance to her. She has his faith and support in all her labors and perfect love and harmony exists in their home.

THE art of teaching is an inherent bent of her nature. She was the Theology class leader in the Jeffer-

DONNA DURRANT SORENSEN

son Ward during the winter of 1933 and '34. Her Relief Society President said: "Sister Sorensen inspired the Sisters to look their best and to come better prepared on that day than any other."

Sister Sorensen was called to be the Social Service Class Leader of the Wells Stake Relief Society in the summer of 1934. She felt this was a new line of work and in order to prepare for the winter program, she attended many lectures in the extension work of the University of Southern California during her vacation there. She also made good use of their wonderful library.

Sister Sorensen took the Welfare course under Sister Lyman to broaden her field for this particular calling; she also visited all the State and private institutions for the physically and mentally handicapped. While listening to a radio talk, she learned of a new book written by Laura E. Richards of the life of her father, Samuel Gridly Howe. She used this book as supplementary reading for her lesson on the handicapped child. She wrote to Mrs. Richards and received a gracious answer. These letters were recently published in the Relief Society Magazine.

There are two kinds of teachers, those who come prepared and those who come with excuses. She led with an assurance that comes only with preparation and a love for her work. All her work has been done joyously, and all who have come in contact with her, have felt radiating from her a spirit of delight that characterizes only those who love deeply and sincerely the work they are doing.

The greatest service you can render anyone, is that which helps the person to help himself. Class leaders who have visited her department have come to learn to use the material they have gathered.

Sister Sorensen inspires others to do their part well; she has the ability to see and appreciate in others what is good and beautiful and as a result, she has the power to attract love and devotion. She is modest and unassuming and has charm and personality. She has honored and dignified every calling. She has great strength of character and a will to do the right.

Undoubtedly the greatest thing in her life that colored her whole existence, the thing that is life to her, is the Gospel. She is a true Latter-day Saint, living up to the requirements of the Gospel and putting into practice those things she is to advocate to others.

Sister Sorensen will fill her new position with grace and inspiration while acknowledging her constant dependence on that divine guidance which she has ever sought and found.

IT is a divine command to read good books. He who loves books is richer culturally than he who merely owns a library full of them. The poor man enjoys their contents as much as the rich. Not what we read but what we remember makes us cultured.

There is no magazine on the market more wholesome than the *Relief Society Magazine*.

—*Sarah M. McLelland.*

The Kindness of Brigham Young

By Brigham Frederick Grant

MY father died when I was only a few weeks old. Mother made moccasins out of deer skins, and sold them to the stores at a very small margin of revenue to her. She did housework for different families when it was obtainable. When I was two years old, mother married outside of the Mormon Church. As she was going to Denver, Colorado, to live, grandmother persuaded her to leave me in her care. Grandmother was a cripple. It was difficult for her to care for a little boy and so after a time, she gave me to Beason Lewis, who lived in Richmond, Cache Valley. I remained with this family until I was between eleven and twelve years old. About this time mines were discovered in Montana and trains passed through Utah buying flour, butter, eggs, etc., to be carried to the Montana mines. One of these trains stopped at the Lewis place for a few months to make repairs to their wagons. I made arrangements to run away from home and go with this train to Montana. I remained there until I was 14. The terminus of the Union Pacific was located at Corinne, where the freight from Montana was delivered. I met one of the freighters, who, learning that I was a son of Jedediah M. Grant, invited me to go back to Utah with him. I returned to Salt Lake City when I was between fourteen and fifteen years of age. I went to work in a coal and wood yard.

I had been in Salt Lake City only a short time when in some way President Young learned where I was and what I was doing. President Young's son, Feramorz, and my brother Heber, at the request of President Young, searched me out and informed me that the President wanted to see me.

The next day I called on him at his office, and he happened to be alone. I told him who I was, and he did not merely reach out his hand to shake mine, but he arose from his chair and gave me a father's handshake. In so doing he discovered that the callouses on my hands were thick and hard, and he remarked, "My boy, what kind of work are you doing?" I replied, "I am unloading coal and chopping wood." He then resumed his seat and continued his inquiry regarding my past life and what I had been doing. He remarked, "Isn't it pretty heavy work, shoveling coal and chopping wood, for a boy of your age?" I replied, "No, sir, I have been used to hard work all of my life." He answered, "Wouldn't you like to have something easier than your present work, for instance, a position in a store?" I replied, "I haven't got sense enough to work in a store." He said, "What do you mean by that?" I replied, "I can neither read nor write."

I discovered this good and great man's heart was touched by this remark; I saw tears rolling down his cheek, and he took his handkerchief and wiped them off and said, "My boy, come and live with me; I will give you a home; I will clothe you; I will send you to school; and you can work during the vacation for me."

I accepted his kind offer. He became a father to me. He furnished me a home; he clothed me; and provided an opportunity for me to at-

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG

tend school; and gave me $5.00 a week for spending money, which was a very princely allowance in those days of hardship and trials. His own sons would laughingly tell me they thought I was their father's pet.

Soon after I went to live with President Young, I was given a team and was doing general work on his farm and performing other duties incident to Pioneer life. Many a time I have passed him on the road with a load of gravel, sand or other materials, and I don't remember an instance in my life that this great man, if he saw me, ever failed to recognize me by waving his hand. I cannot help but think, where in the world could you find another man of his importance and busy life who would condescend to recognize or speak to a boy such as I?

In addition to his large family at the time I was living with him, there were six orphaned boys and girls who were being cared for by him. I lived with one of his families and was treated most royally by all the members; in fact, I felt I was indeed a real member of the family so far as treatment was concerned.

During the vacation when I was driving a team, at times breakfast would be served a little late. There was a certain time when every team was supposed to be hooked up and going to its work. When breakfast was late I could not always be on time with my team. The foreman complained to me about this and I told him that I milked the cows and fed the pigs and did the chores, but could not go to work without my breakfast. One morning he became angry and told me if I couldn't get out on time to quit. I, boy like, took his advice without calling on President Young, left, and went to work at the coal yard again.

President Young was soon informed of this and sent for me. When I went into his office he shook my hand and wanted to know why I left home. I told him the boss had discharged me. "Oh," he said, "the boss? Who is he?" I gave the foreman's name. He laughed, and said, "No, my boy, I am the boss. Didn't I make arrangements for you to come and live with me?" I replied, "Yes, sir." He then said, "Remember, when you are discharged I will attend to it myself; now, go back, get your team and go to work." I replied, "I don't know whether ——— ———will allow me to go to work now." "Never mind, my boy," he assured me, "I'll attend to it myself."

The next morning when I went to the barn to get my team I found there was a new foreman. I never did learn why this change was made, but I had a boy's suspicion.

On special occasions, I drove President Young's carriage, and I can assure you that when these opportunities came I was all puffed up and thought I was some boy!

The house where I was born stood where the Z. C. M. I. now stands. I helped to tear down the old home, and plowed the first furrow marking the place for the foundation of the Z. C. M. I., with President Young, cane in hand, pointing the line for me to follow.

In those early days President Young established woolen mills, flour mills and other institutions to supply such much needed materials and food supplies. Men working for him received merchandise orders on his store for part of their wages. The Z. C. M. I. at this time was issuing what was known as "Z. C. M. I. scrip" or "orders," and the employees received these orders as wages.

An amusing incident happened to me with my first pay day. I received

these orders but not being able to read or write I did not detect that part of the orders were on his store for cloth and flour and other supplies used in a home, and jumped to the conclusion they were all on the Z. C. M. I., I went to the store, bought some things and passed my order out. The clerk looked at it and remarked, "This order isn't any good." I said, "Don't you take your own orders?" He replied, "Yes, can't you read? This order is on President Young's store." I said, "I guess they have made a mistake."

I went back to the bookkeeper and told him they had made a mistake and given me the wrong orders. "No," he remarked, "that is what we all receive." "Well," I said, "I can't use the B. Y. orders." He replied, "If there is any change made, President Young will have to make it himself, I can't."

I then went to the President's office and explained to him what had happened. He smiled and said, "I guess, my boy, you could not use them." He arose from his chair, went from his office into the main business office and instructed the bookkeeper to pay me in cash. From that time I did not receive any more orders, but it became a sort of a "hiss and a byword" with the bookkeeper and others in the office, who made this significant remark in my presence: "He's the only one who receives all cash"—which was a fact.

DURING the holidays and cold winters, many a time I was sent with my team to President Young's store where my wagon was loaded with cloth, flour, coal and vegetables. Then I was given a list of widowed women and told to deliver the goods to these women with President Young's blessing and kind remembrance. At times when his store house was depleted, I was sent to the general tithing office where I obtained such supplies as they had in the way of vegetables and other food stuffs and delivered them to these widowed mothers and their families. Some people who, I am sure, were not possessed of the spirit of giving, and lacking proper information, made the remark that President Young was kind to the widows but it was with the general tithing funds that did not belong to him. I desire, out of respect for this good man and the sympathy in his heart for widows and orphans, to say that never, during the time that I lived with him, did I ever receive one single, solitary article from the tithing office without getting a memorandum of all goods I received, and this ticket was delivered by me in the business office of President Young to be checked with the one coming from the general tithing office.

HAVING a great desire to get out and see something of the world, I conceived the idea of going to California, where I had a friend about my age. He informed me that by working in the saw mills in the summer time and the placer mines in the winter time there would be steady employment, and that they were paying $100.00 a month in gold. At that time currency was worth from 65c to 75c on the dollar. At this time I was just starting in the grammar grade in the school. Not realizing the importance of continuing at school, I decided to go to California.

I called on President Young and explained to him what I intended doing. He replied, "My boy, haven't you had enough ups and downs in life to know that the most important thing for you to do is to remain in school? You should know from your past experience that in this cold

world no one will have any personal interest in you. Remember, that I am your friend, and you had better remain with me."

After this kind, fatherly talk and advice, I decided to remain; but it was only for a short time. I was receiving leters from my boy friends in California telling of the wonderful opportunities for making money in the mines and saw mills. I again went to President Young and told him I had changed my mind and was going to California. He tried, I believe with more persistency than most fathers would use with their own boys, to explain to me what a mistake it would be to leave school and the home he had provided for me; but I was determined to go. When he saw this, he arranged for his wife Amelia and myself to meet him in his office. There he explained to her that I was going to leave home, and told her to go with me to the Z. C. M. I. and buy whatever she thought I would need and have them send the bill to him.

I went with Mrs. Young to Z. C. M. I. and she certainly fitted me out royally. She started with a trunk and had it filled with wearing apparel and all that could be crowded into it. I have no idea what the cost was but it must have been quite a considerable amount for those days.

I remember the night before I was leaving for California. Family prayers were held in the Lion House, and on this particular occasion special care was taken to notify the boys and girls that I was going to leave for California and for them to be present at the evening prayer service. At that time I did not understand the object of this meeting. President Young took occasion, I can now see, to talk to me in the presence of his boys and girls, and impress upon them what it would mean for a boy or a girl to leave home. I never listened to another such talk in my life, nor do I expect to hear another like it. There was not a dry eye in the room, and I am sure it must have made a lasting impression on the hearts of his children, as it did on me. But with all that it did not change my plans to leave the next day for California.

HE told me before leaving to come into the office and bid him goodbye. I did so, and he gave me another of those kind fatherly talks with advice suited to a boy in my condition. His last message to me was, "Now, my boy, you are going out into a cold world, and you will meet with many hardships and rebuffs. You will go to California and then return. You will return worse off than when you go, but remember that Brother Brigham is your friend and if you want to come home and haven't the money, write to me and I'll send it to you." When he shook hands with me, he left a $100.00 greenback in my hand. I broke down and wept. He put his arm around me as he would one of his own sons, and said, "Goodbye, God bless you, my boy." That was the last time I ever saw President Young. He died while I was in California.

His words, that I would go to California and return, were literally fulfilled. I went and returned some years later, owing my step-father $300,00, and I did not owe a soul in the world a penny when he made this prediction at the time I left Salt Lake City for California.

MY recollection of President Young, as a boy, was that he had two great outstanding personalities: one a very stern and positive way of saying and doing things, and at other times he had a kind and lov-

ing way that would be worthy of a loving mother for her child. However, he was possessed of that wonderful spirit of discernment that it seemed to me, at all times he was able to decide which of these attitudes to use in order that justice and right should prevail.

With this narrative of my remembrance and experiences of and with President Young, I can only say in conclusion, that I would to God I had the ability and words to express my great appreciation and love for this great Pioneer who led his people, under the inspiration and direction of Almighty God, from the Missouri River over an almost trackless plain to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. Never can any of us forget how when he raised himself on his arm from a sickbed and looked on the Valley of the Great Salt Lake for the first time, he remarked prophetically, "Drive on, this is the place."

God bless his memory and posterity to the last generation of time.

Keepsakes for the Treasure Chest of Life

By Lella Marler Hoggan

KEEP CALM

"Be still, little heart of mine;
No pearl lies on the windy shore,
No birds sing where the tempests roar,
Would'st hear the angel at thy door?
Be still, little heart of mine."

—*Mable C. DeVona.*

"Calmness is the rarest quality in life," says William George Jordan. "It is the poise of a great nature, in harmony with itself and its ideals."

Calmness comes from within. The person whose life is in harmony with his ideals is at peace with himself and his Maker. He is not looking backward with regret on "the man he might have been." Nor is he looking forward with uncertainty and misgiving. Even in the midst of confusion he can retire into the quiet serenity of his heart's refuge.

Great men have ever been men of calm courage and peaceful reserve. When Joseph Smith, the Prophet, was going back to Carthage to his doom, as he well knew, he said quietly, "I am going as a lamb to the slaughter, but I am as calm as a summer's morning."

The great soul has his course

clearly marked out, and with confidence he travels straight to the goal. Delays may occur, obstacles may arise, temptation may confront him, but it matters not. Come hardship, come sorrow, for him there is no shifting of purpose, no turning back. He does not chafe under difficulties, he does not fear interruptions; for he knows that in God's own time and way, he will reach his destination, he will achieve that which he set out to accomplish.

In these uncertain days of hurry and worry and economic distress we need, as we never needed before, a clear conscience and a calm spirit.

From year to year the world is gaining speed in almost every line of endeavor. We are hurrying through life so rapidly that we are missing many of the refining influences and cultural experiences that would enrich and beautify our lives. The days are crowded so full of the things we have to do, that little time is left for the things that we want to do; the little precious joys that our hearts are hungering for, the choice gifts that make life worth the quest. "As a nation we lack the gracious sense of leisure," said Mable A. Hinkhouse recently.

We push, and crowd, and worry, and fret, as if life were a game of chance and we had to make haste or lose our place and our portion. When strife and confusion are all about us, have we not learned to "sit tight," lest we rock the boat to its over turning?

When our life's purposes are but vaguely outlined, have we not faith enough to leave it to God's gracious care, and trustfully wait for his just reward? How can we hope to find the balm that our sick souls need, when we go to the Great Physician carrying our prescription with us? Does not he know our needs better than we? He said we should serve with an eye single to his glory, and yet when we reach up our hands in prayer, they are cluttered full of our own heart's wishes. Oh, we of little faith. Even a woman in the street in that long ago day, knew that but to touch the hem of His garment would make her whole.

If we receive from life only as much as we pay for, then why all the hurry and worry? There is time for all of the really worth while things, if we but cultivate the wisdom of choosing prudently and then traveling straight to our course.

Nature never hurries. She takes as much time as is necessary to do her work thoroughly, and to complete it fully. Slow, painstaking foundation work brings reliable results.

Many of us are working to a program that is too crowded. It is for us to seek out the essentials, and eliminate the things of least value. "To learn to discard is a fine art," we are told.

It may be we have no program at all. A lack of plan makes confusion. Charting our effort tends to hold things in place. Working to a clearly defined outline gives one greater security and does away with much hurry and worry.

It is constant rushing from one service to another, from this obligation to that, that undoes our serenity, gives us a sense of incompetence, and leaves us at eventide with a heart full of care and a burden of unfinished things. And nothing detracts more from one's efficiency and peace of mind, than the accumulation of unfinished tasks. They make confusion in the soul as well as in the home.

"The world is wide, in time and tide,
And God is guide,
Then do not hurry.

The man is blest who does his best
And leaves the rest.
Then do not worry." —*Selected.*

BEING continually hurried and worried, and keyed up to a high nervous tension, will eventually wear the nerves to tatters; then when some great emergency arises, one is unprepared to meet it. We either break under the strain or become petulant and bitter, and feel that the odds are against us in the game of life, that the Fates have been unfair. Like a tired child we want to strike back. But we should remember Frank Crane's wise suggestion, "Your enemy can answer every thing but silence." And that other sage, the one of long ago said, "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."

We conserve our power if we keep calm as we go about the business of life. When we feel our self-control slipping from us, if we will relax and lower the voice, and attempt to give the situation a pleasant or even a mirthful turn, it is surprising how quickly we can regain our emotional balance.

When life begins to hurry us into a dangerous speed limit, let us recall John Burrough's quiet philosophy:

"I stay my haste, I make delays—
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face."

We can not hope for the dove of peace to flutter down to our doorstep unless we lure him with crumbs of patient kindness.

"Self-control is the very essence of character."

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."
—Proverbs 16:32.

We readjust to peace and serenity more easily when we shut out the noise and confusion. In Walter Savage Landor's beautiful words, "A solitude is the audience chamber of God." H. A. Overstreet tells us that not only do we need parks and play-grounds, but we need "places of quiet retreat, of silence and solitude, where, defended against intrusion, we may recover peace and serenity."

Every child should have,

A little time, a little place,
A little refuge all his own;
Where he may rest his troubled heart,
Where he may talk to God alone.

And every mother should have a few quiet moments each glad morning to plan and think and set her soul in tune with the day's work, and in harmony with her Maker: that she shall be fortified against any emergency that may arise during the day. She also needs a few quiet moments at evening time that she and her family may wash out the losses and crosses of the day, and find the sweet, permanent joys that will carry over to a glad awakening, a happy beginning again, on the morrow.

A psychologist has made the daring statement that as long as there is corporeal punishment in the home, we can not hope to establish universal peace. Parents of emotional stability usually have peaceful, well-ordered homes, where children are understood and guided into efforts of high endeavor. The self-controlled, self-disciplined child, stands a better chance of reaching maturity with a strong well-balanced personality, than does the wilful child who is ruled by his emotions rather than his judgment. Is it not possible to

guide the child into paths of peace, that he shall be prepared to do his part in building a new world of love and freedom from strife? From the discord, and sorrow, and bloodshed of the past, can this new generation work out a code of understanding and good fellowship and brotherly love, that will insure the peace and happiness of generations yet to come? Can we bring our lives into accord with such a plan?

WHEN God completed his work of creation he rested on the following day and hallowed it. We still have that sacred Sabbath as our day of rest, a day in which we may rebuild our shattered nerves, regain our mental poise, and make ready for that longer day of peace.

The millennium, like a star of hope, has shed its rays of promise down through the ages. The children of men look forward to the day when war shall cease and "swords shall be beaten into plowshares." Of that great day the poet Markham says,

"It comes, the high inbrothering of men
The new earth seen by John of Patmos.
When the comrade dream was on his mighty heart."

The Master stands out as the supreme example of peace and serenity. At his birth the angels heralded him as a messenger of peace and good will. From the manger to the cross his life was one of self-control and calm courage, even in the Garden of Gethsemane.

He is still the Prince of Peace. His quiet power can calm the stress and anguish in our lives, even as it calmed the stormy Sea of Galilee. He greets us today with the same quiet salutation that he gave to his apostles after he had arisen from the tomb, "Peace be unto you." And the same farewell blessing that comforted and assured that little group of long ago, as they watched him ascend into heaven, still rests as a benediction on all who are ready to accept his Gospel of Peace and walk in its everlasting light.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." (John 14:27.)

Let us not surrender to the hopeless confusion of these unsettled times. The Master's promise has not been lost to us, as it has come down through the long years, that to know him and to walk in his path will bring that "peace that passeth understanding." It is one of the rare gifts we shall want to put by with our precious treasures.

A Prayer

My Father God, I come to Thee;
I need no priest to pray
Nor add his blessing to thine own;
Lead thou me in the way.
No intersessor can present
My case the way I can;
Nor can he save me from myself;
For he is but a man.
Just hold my hand and hold my tongue,
And guide my feet aright;
Then even thru the darkest storms,
I shall behold the Light.

—*Terrance Sylvester Glennamaddy.*

Notes from the Field

Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

Eastern States Mission

FROM Palmyra Branch, New York, comes a message to the Relief Society office. Though this organization is not so large, it is most enthusiastic. For the Project work each sister is reading some book of Scripture and reporting to the Secretary each month. On March 17 a very delightful pageant was prepared and presented. This was called "The Book that Lives," and was a beautiful representation of the characters in costume. The Relief Society in Palmyra cooperates with other welfare organizations and the Commissioner of Public Welfare. This cooperation keeps the Relief Society informed of what is done and gives the members an opportunity to do much excellent work. The Branch President, Sister Bean, has charge of some of the older ladies who get the Old Age Pension. Each month the checks are made out to her, and she supervises the expenditures for these elderly people. To quote from her letter: "I just love these old ladies, and they look forward each month to my coming." Notes from Palmyra, which means so much to the Latter-day Saints, are always of deep interest.

Samoan Mission

FROM far away Samoa comes a message of enthusiasm and development. The sisters are very happy in the work of the Lord. A delightful Annual Day meeting was held and the sisters of several branches met together. Talks appropriate to the occasion were given and appointments made to visit other branches. Some of the sisters walked twenty-five miles in the rain, for at this season it is not uncommon to have continued rain for six days and nights. It took practically a week to make the visits and hold the different conferences. The Samoan sisters are so anxious to do their duty, and though the organizations are small in numbers they accomplish a great deal of good. During the latter part of March a very delightful meeting was held. In the forenoon the sisters had a display of the mats which they made themselves, and this was followed by a dinner, to which Mission President Sears, and Relief Society Mission President Agnes M. Sears, were invited. In addition to the native food chicken, soup, cocoa, pies, cakes, puddings were served. They excel particularly in cake making. The President reports that during the beginning of the year branch conferences were held and visits made to all organizations. In January a new branch, several miles distant from Apia, was organized. Here there are some very splendid native missionaries. Eighteen people were baptized, nineteen children were blessed.

Washington, D. C. Branch

ON Sunday night, March 17, a very delightful meeting was held in honor of the Relief Society anniversary. An excellent historical sketch, giving the aims and accomplishments of the organization, was presented, as well as tributes to the past Branch Presidents of the organization, in keeping with the request made by President Robison that the living and past Presidents be honored in the anniversary cele-

bration this year. The musical part of the meeting was very delightful. The Relief Society Chorus, which Brother Edward P. Kimball has trained, gave some fine numbers, and the special organ music, with congregational singing made the event one long to be remembered. It was remarked by many present that the meeting was one of the finest ever held in the new chapel. This enterprising branch of the Eastern States Mission is especially fortunate in being able to carry on the outlined lesson work, and they find the *Relief Society Magazine* a very great aid. On March 15 a concert and reception was sponsored by the Washington Relief Society. The following program was very successfully carried out: Invocation, Dr. Melvin C. Merrill, Instrumental Trio—(a) Minuet from Suite Bergamasque, Claude DeBussy; (b) Reverie—opus 9 No. 4, Richard Strauss, Frieda Hauf Irwin, Violin; Myra Grant Wallace, cello; Frances O'Neill Berrett, Piano, Contralto Solo (a) Mon Coeur S'ouvre a Ta Voix—"Samson and Delilah" — Saint-Saens; (b) I Love Life — Mana-Zucca, Ruby Epperson McQuarrie. Violin Solo (a) Walther's Prize Song—Wagner; (b) Canzonetta—d'Ambrozio, Max G. Lloyd. Piano Solo (a) Impromptu in C Sharp Minor—Hugo Reinhold; (b) Valse—opus 70 No. 1—Chopin, Bernice Jacobs Manwaring. Male Quartette (a) Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride—Jeoffrey O'Hara; (b) Nola—Felix Ardnt, Clifford Webb, Jessie R. Smith, James K. Knudsen, Frances R. Kirkham. Violin and Piano Sonata — Cesar Franck; Milton Schwartz, violin; Cicely Adams Brown, piano. Ladies' Chorus (a) Solvejg's Song—Greig; (b) Giannina Mia—Friml; Directed by Edward P. Kimball; Accompanied by Frances O'Neill Berrett.

Northern States Mission

SISTER ARTEMESIA ROMNEY, Relief Society President of the Northern States Mission, reports a very successful year's work in Relief Society. In common with other missions, more enthusiasm, willingness to serve and determination to follow the programs outlined in the *Magazine,* brings the work to a higher standard than ever before. The lessons are greatly appreciated, and much enlightenment is in evidence from the books which are read, and the knowledge of the fine things which our sisters make their own, from the study courses. Singing practice is one of the special features in most of the branches. The Scripture Project is carried through with great enthusiasm. The Annual Convention of officers of all the various organizations which was held in Chicago in the late Fall was of great benefit. It was a new experience for the saints in that part of the country and they are looking forward to other opportunities where they can meet in larger groups, exchange plans and ideas and receive instructions in their work. Nearly all of the branches of the mission were represented at this time. The *Magazine* subscriptions are increasing very materially, and considering the financial depression, a splendid record was established. The following questions which were sent out by the President indicate the thought given to the work: (1) What are your plans for Work and Business Meeting for the Winter? (2) What are you doing to increase membership? (3) What is your method of interesting young mothers to attend Relief Society? (4) What plan have you made to get members to study the lesson? (5) What methods do your teachers use to get members to take part in lesson discussion? (6) What is your Chor-

ister doing to create interest in singing practice? (7) What is the nature of your parties that you sponsor to raise funds? (8) What plan do your Visiting Teachers use to convey the message to members? (9) What plan do you use to encourage missionary work among members? (10) What is your most successful method of collecting Dues? (11) What extra effort has been made durnig the past month to increase the *Magazine* subscription?

It will be noted that a discussion of such a questionnaire covers practically every branch of Relief Society activity, and stimulates much interest.

North Central States Mission

SISTER ELFIE S. RICHARDS, Relief Society Mission President of the North Central States Mission, writes enthusiastically of the development of the work in this mission. The energy, zeal and faith of the sisters can be felt in every particular. Even in small groups, in remote sections of the mission, the work is progressing most satisfactorily. Union Meetings have been instituted in two branches—St. Paul and Minneapolis. Here all the officers and auxiliary workers meet together. It is proving to be very profitable in the advancement of Relief Society work. Practically one hundred per cent of the officers and teachers are in attendance. The Relief Society Singing Mothers of both of these branches have added greatly to the pleasure of the meetings by the numbers they have given. The department work also has offered the opportunity for instructions and cooperative work pertaining to Relief Society problems. It is the aim of the Mission Presidency to hold Union Meetings in other branches where conditions permit. To quote from Sister Richards' letter: "We are stressing the Project of Scripture reading, with the result that many of our sisters are finding a new and active interest in the standard works of the Church. We hope to carry forward a number of activities that will be worthy of report from time to time. Relief Society Conferences are to be held throughout the Mission in the next few weeks. The necessary plans and schedules are now in the hands of the local organizations that will make this program possible."

MINNEAPOLIS BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Maria Y. Dougall

THE long and beautiful earth life of Maria Young Dougall came to its close April 30, 1935. It was her privilege to live to the age of 85, so during her life she saw the transition from the candle to the electric light, from the ox team to the automobile and flying machine. With great satisfaction she saw her people become firmly established in the Rocky Mountains. She watched the progress of the world and rejoiced in every improvement that came to make life happier and fuller.

She loved the beautiful and looked for the best in her associates. She was generous with her means and the soul of hospitality.

In her time she played many roles. She was a devoted daughter, a loving wife, mother and grandmother. In the precincts of the Temple, she labored for many years and because of her beautiful spirit she was ideal for this service. She worked in the Primary Association in early days but gave it up to devote her time and energy to the Mutual Improvement Association. She was an officer in the first Retrenchment Association organized by her father. She served as President of the 17th Ward Y. W. M. I. A. and as Counselor to Mary Freeze of the old Salt Lake Stake, then as Counselor to Elmina S. Taylor and also to Martha H. Tingey. She was an honorary member of the General Board at the time of her death.

Among the many beautiful lessons she left for examples to be emulated are: Her cheerfulness, her loving interest, her spirit of blessing. When she no longer could be active in organization work, she often said, "I can pray for you and for this great Cause."

May her family and friends emulate her virtues. Their association with her will fill their minds with sweet memories.

The Social Year Book

THE Russell Sage Foundation has just published its 1935 "Social Work Year Book," a description of Organized Activities in Social Work and in Related Fields. This treatise of social work is published biennially. Mrs. Russell Sage established the Russell Sage Foundation in 1907, "for the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States of America." The Foundation maintains a staff that has among its duties to conduct studies of social conditions "where new information, its analysis and interpretation seem necessary in order to formulate and advance practical measures aimed at improvement. From time to time the Foundation publishes the discoveries of these studies in book or pamphlet form."

This year book will play a vital part in informing all interested in social work of the status of all things social at the present time. The previous volume was published in 1933, just six weeks after the Roosevelt Administration was ushered in. The preface tells that "the year book is not a manual of what ought to be; it is a record of what is."

The volume aims to give social workers up-to-date information concerning fields outside their own, to assist those who are entering new areas of service and for the information of related professions. The compilers are proud of the reference literature furnished in this volume. The list includes 1,502 books and pamphlets and 386 magazine articles "constituting as a whole the most up-to-date work in existence." The contributors are outstanding in their fields of endeavor, and the range of subjects is wide.

We congratulate the Russell Sage Foundation on this excellent book that will be so illuminating to those specializing in Social Work.

Price $4.00. Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 22nd Street, N. Y.

President Robison Honored

OUR readers will be glad to know that President Louise Y. Robison has been appointed by Governor Henry H. Blood as a member of the new state board of public welfare. The other members are: Frederick P. Champ, Logan; J. W. Gillman, Orem; Hugo Anderson, T. L. Holman and the Rev. Jacob Trapp, all of Salt Lake.

We hope this board will have vision to see the needs of the state along welfare lines and will be resourceful in meeting these needs.

Magazine Agents

WE wish to call our Magazine Agents' attention to the fact that the lessons for next season are being published in the summer months. This makes it very desirable that all subscriptions that have expired now or will expire in the next few months should be renewed as soon as possible in order that no one may be unfitted for her work by not being able to study her lessons.

One Stake has very wisely featured the renewing of expired subscriptions as gifts for Mother's Day. We are delighted to hear from time to time how carefully each phase of our work is checked on and how our officers plan so that no stone is left unturned for the greatest success.

Lesson Department

(For Second Week in November)

Theology and Testimony

Lesson II—Messages from Liberty Jail

1. *The Exiles.* The closing months of 1838 were fraught with much unhappiness and suffering for the Latter-day Saints. Already it had become apparent that they must leave their homes in Missouri and seek an exile elsewhere. At that time the membership of the Church in Missouri was estimated at between twelve and fifteen thousand, with a property ownership of nearly two million dollars. The leaders of the Church were arrested and held in jail on the slightest pretext or no pretext at all. Finally with all three members of the First Presidency in prison, the responsibility of removing the Saints from Missouri to Illinois fell upon the shoulders of Brigham Young. The trek continued through the months of January to April of 1839, under most trying and insuperable hardships. The Prophet himself and five companions were left behind in Liberty jail, and others at Richmond.

2. *The Prophet Imprisoned.* Throughout the year 1838 the Prophet and others of the leading brethren were repeatedly imprisoned. In November of that year he was brought before Judge Austin A. King at Richmond. Witnesses against the Prophet were called and sworn at the point of the bayonet, while those for the defense were arrested by the militia and thrown into prison, not being allowed to appear. This mock investigation continued for several days until finally on the 28th of November most of the prisoners were released. The Prophet, however, and the following named brethren, held on the charge of treason and murder, were committed to Liberty Jail: Hyrum Smith, Sidney Rigdon, Lyman Wight, Caleb Baldwin and Alexander McRae. During the investigation the prisoners were confined in chains and subjected to various forms of humiliating abuse.

3. *Liberty Jail.* There were no jails in either Daviess or Caldwell counties, and hence the brethren were sent to Liberty, Clay County, pending the time they were to appear for trial. Elder B. H. Roberts describes the appearance and construction of "Liberty Jail" as follows: The building "faced the east, and was a scant two hundred yards from the court house. It was built of rough dressed limestone, of yellowish color. 'Its dimensions were twenty by twenty-two feet, and the walls were two feet thick. It had two floors, hence two rooms—an upper one and a basement, which formed a dungeon. In the east end was a heavy door made strong, and of great thickness, by nailing inch oak boards together with iron spikes. In the south side of the upper room there was a small opening, a foot and a half square, with strong iron bars, two inches apart, firmly imbedded in the stones of the wall.'" (*Comprehensive History of the Church,* Vol. I, p. 526) The ceilings of the jail were low; the ventilation was extremely poor; and the lower room was practically without light.

4. It was within this place under the most unsanitary and repulsive conditions, that the Prophet and his companions were imprisoned for five months. The food is described as very inadequate and of poor quality. At times visitors were not permitted, and at other times there were not a few, friends and enemies alike. Driven on by threats of death from the guards and by the squalid conditions under which they lived, the prisoners made one or more attempts to escape, but without success. By the close of February, 1839, practically the entire membership of the Church, including the Prophet's wife, had migrated to Illinois.

5. *Escape of the Prisoners.* Meantime the brethren on the outside were doing everything possible to bring about the Prophet's release. Fearing that this might be done, or a change of venue secured, Judge King hurried the prisoners off to Daviess County, April 6, 1839, where they were tried before a prejudiced court and found guilty of "murder, treason, burglary, arson, larceny, theft, and stealing." A few days after this verdict was rendered, the prisoners secured a change of venue from Daviess to Boone county, and a mittimus was made out by Judge Burch, *without date, name or place.* Immediately thereafter the brethren left for Boone County in charge of the sheriff and four aides. When the party was one day out the sheriff exhibited the unsigned mittimus and informed the brethren that he had been instructed by Judge Burch not to take them to Boone county. After thus exposing the plan that had been laid for the escape of the prisoners, the sheriff told the brethren he was going to take a good drink of whiskey and go to bed and that they could do as they pleased. Accordingly, when all of the guards were asleep except one, the brethren by the assistance of this guard mounted their horses and rode away. Some ten days later they reached their families and friends who had preceded them to Illinois.

6. *The Dungeon-Temple.* Although Liberty Jail was a dungeon—small, unclean, poorly ventilated, and practically without light, yet the Prophet's presence transferred it into a sanctuary of spiritual learning. It was a haven of comfort to which the stricken and scattered Saints turned for solace and instruction. It was a place of meditation and prayer, where Joseph held communion with God. Such a place—a meeting ground between heaven and earth—is more than a prison; it is a temple of spiritual learning, made such by the influence of those who were there. This prison still stands—1935—and is occupied as a residence.

7. During the long months of Joseph's imprisonment at this place he was never disheartened or subdued. He was impatient with the ways of sinners, but ever constant in belief that God would overrule all for the good of those who loved him. In the midst of his own suffering he dispatched messages of joy and comfort to those who were awaiting his return. He forgot himself and lived for others alone. His was the attitude of a prophet that saw beyond prison walls, beyond his own personal discomfort, to the Saints outside, and to the glories that awaited those who proved faithful. But we must turn attention to some of the things that he taught—imprisoned, and part of the time in chains.

8. *Undaunted in Adversity.* Under date of December 16, 1838, the imprisoned Prophet wrote to the stricken and scattered Saints in part as follows: "Know assuredly, dear brethren, that it is for the testimony of Jesus that we are in bonds and in prison. But we say unto you,

that we consider that our condition is better (notwithstanding our sufferings) than that of those who have persecuted us, and smitten us, and borne false witness against us." (*History of the Church*, Vol. III, p. 226)

9. Further, "Dear brethren, do not think our hearts faint, as though some strange thing had happened unto us, for we have seen and been assured of all these things beforehand, and have an assurance of a better hope than that of our persecutors. Therefore God hath made broad our shoulders for the burden. We glory in our tribulation, because we know that God is with us, that He is our friend, and that he will save our souls. We ask no favors at the hands of mobs, nor of the world, nor of the devil, nor of his emissaries, the dissenters, and those who love, and make, and swear falsehoods, to take away our lives. We have never dissembled, nor will we for the sake of our lives." (*History of the Church,* Vol. III, p. 227)

10. *Hope, Pity, and Accusation.* At the opening of each New Year human beings are usually softened with love and brotherly kindness, but the enemies of the Prophet remained cruel and relentless. On the first day of January, 1839, still in jail, the Prophet uttered the following significant words: "The day dawned upon us as prisoners of hope, but not as sons of liberty. O Columbia, Columbia! How thou art fallen! 'The land of the free, the home of the brave!' 'The asylum of the oppressed'—oppressing thy noblest sons, in a loathsome dungeon, without any provocation, only that they have claimed to worship the God of their fathers according to his own word, and the dictates of their own consciences." (*History of the Church,* Vol. III, p. 245)

11. *Regard for the American Constitution.* Even though he was deprived of his rights and unjustly imprisoned, yet he had this to say of the American Constitution: "The Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of its liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a thirsty and weary land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun. We, brethren, are deprived of the protection of its glorious principles by the cruelty of men." (*History of the Church,* Vol. III, p. 304; see also D. and C. 101:76-80)

12. *Blessings Upon the Saints.* The Prophet was ever praying for the welfare of the Saints. The following is significant of his love for them: "What power shall stay the heavens? As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the Missouri river in its decreed course, or to turn it upstream, as to hinder the Almighty from pouring down knowledge from heaven upon the heads of the Latter-day Saints." (D. and C. 121:33)

13. *A Basic Pedigogical Principle.* "No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned; by kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile—reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost; and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy." (D. and C. 121:41-43)

14. *The Anguish of the Prophet.* The Prophet had been imprisoned

for four months; twelve thousand of his people had been exiled in the dead of winter; and his appeals for justice had failed to bring relief. Out of the midst of this distress, he called upon God in childlike earnestness: "O God, where art Thou? And where is the pavillion that covereth Thy hiding place? How long shall Thy hand be stayed, and Thine eye, yea Thy pure eye, behold from the eternal heavens the wrongs of Thy people and of Thy servants, and Thine ear be penetrated with their cries? Yea, O Lord, how long shall they suffer these wrongs and unlawful oppressions, before Thine heart shall be softened toward them, and Thy bowels be moved with compassion toward them. . . . Remember Thy suffering Saints, O our God; and Thy servants will rejoice in Thy name." (D. and C. 121:1-6)

15. *The Heavenly Answer.* And the Lord said: "My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment; and then, if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on high; thou shalt triumph over all thy foes. Thy friends do stand by thee, and they shall hail thee again with warm hearts and friendly hands." (D. and C. 121:7-9) "The ends of the earth shall inquire after thy name, and fools shall have thee in derision, and hell shall rage against thee; while the pure in heart, and the wise, and the noble, and the virtuous, shall seek counsel, and authority, and blessings constantly from under thy hand. And thy people shall never be turned against thee by the testimony of traitors." (D. and C. 122:1-3) "Know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience and shall be for thy good. The Son of Man hath descended below them all." (D. and C. 122:7-8)

Suggestion for Discussion and Review

1. Compare the Mormon exile from Missouri with their later exile from Illinois.

2. Compare the prisons of today with the one in which the Prophet was incarcerated.

3. Why do you suppose that the enemies of the Prophet provided a means for his escape?

4. In what respects might the jail at Liberty be regarded as a "shrine of spiritual learning," that is, while the Prophet was there?

5. The Prophet was undaunted in adversity. Why?

6. How do you account for the Prophet's love for the American Constitution, in spite of the persecution to which he was so often subjected?

7. How many of the Lord's promises given in paragraph fifteen have already been fulfilled? Explain.

Teachers' Topic

General Instruction

THE Teacher's Topics will be based on Proverbs taken from the Book of Proverbs in the Old Testament.

Each home will be asked to have a Bible ready when the teachers call.

The Proverb is to be read in each Home.

Each home will be asked to read and discuss the Proverb during the month.

The Book of Proverbs

THE Book of Proverbs introduces us to the wisdom literature of the Hebrews. The sages who wrote them believed that wisdom would give sagacity and common sense that would lead to happy prosperous lives.

Julius A. Bewer says, "There is a wealth of wisdom, of sober and realistic observation, of sharp epigrammatic characterization, of kindly humor and biting sarcasm, of warm personal exhortation and urgent appeal that makes the Book of Proverbs a veritable mine of good counsel for the art of right living."

The teachings of these wise men were very practical. While there are some elevated religious proverbs, they are mostly drawn from secular life and describe the fortunes that may be expected to come from certain conduct or types of character.

Self interest is the all pervasive note. The motive is always personal happiness. They concern themselves not at all with making others happy, yet were these wise men religious for thus only could they be happy and prosperous, so there is a devout spirit manifested in their teachings.

These writers were concerned with the whole range of life. They treated good manners, morals, family relations, social intercourse, professional and business matters and public life. They put the teachings of the Prophets into usable language, and while they lacked the prophetic enthusiasm they kept a balance between form and spirit, maintaining always that wisdom is the true norm and guide of life. They addressed themselves to individuals rather than to nations. Their interest was not only in the Jewish people but in the whole of human life. Hence, the Book of Proverbs is of universal application.

While Jewish tradition gives to Solomon the credit for the authorship of the Book of Proverbs, students of the Scriptures feel certain that they are not the work of one writer. Their language, style, the social and political conditions they imply lead to the conclusion that they were written by different people and at different times. The drift of their teachings is uniform. The motives for right conduct they hold forth are mainly prudential. They show no tendency to speculation or to doubt. They emphatically proclaim "Be good and you will prosper, be wicked and you will suffer."

We wish these teachings had been grouped in logical order. It is interesting to gather together those that deal with the same subject. "Each verse contains a complete Proverb. Each Proverb consists of two members. The two members stand almost exclusively in antithetic parallelism the second confirming or enforcing the first by declaring some contrasted truth which forms, as it were, its counterpart."

TEACHERS' TOPIC

(For October, 1935)

Proverbs 16:32

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

THERE is in man an innate love of power and leadership. Proverbs 16:32 asserts the highest manifestation of power the most desirable type of leadership. In the great life struggle for self-control none should

feel helpless and think it is impossible for them to change their inborn characteristics and to gain the mastery. Characters *are* changeable. A realization of this is the first step in regeneration. The untold suffering caused by bad temper and uncontrolled passion, which is at the root of the loss of self-control should summon all the strength of the soul to wage war until victory is attained. Anger not only works havoc on the one who throws down the reins of self-control but in the home or the workshop, all are injured by its burning flame. The sweet tempered may become peevish by the constant irritation of one who lacks self-control and the gentlest may be roused to anger by being associated with the passionate.

Horton says, "A passionate man or woman spreads a pervading sense of irritation in the house or in the workshop, and all the other occupants of the place are as if they dwelt in a country subject to earthquakes; life for them is divided between anxiety to avoid the explosion and a painful effort to repair its devastations."

All who lack self-control should study themselves, diagnose their cases, appraise their strength and weakness and finding the roots of their trouble they should resolutely set about irradicating the weakness. If possible they should avoid what produces anger. Constant vigilance is necessary, yet one may remonstrate saying, "How are we to become watchful, since it is the special characteristic of a hasty temper that it overpowers our sentinels before it assaults the city? How are we to become loving and humble?" They would do well to cry with David, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me."

Anger and hatred should be replaced with love, for "Hatred stirreth up strifes: but love covereth all sins." Proverbs 10:12. Love will soothe irritated nerves and will fill the soul with an impulse to change those who offend rather than to be angry with them. The tongue should be controlled, will-power should be cultivated, the results of ill temper should be thought over. But after one does all he can to control, regeneration is what this rudderless, storm-tossed soul needs.

"For our evil tempers, then, our passion, our wrath, our sullen pride, our fretful irritability, our outbreaks of sarcasm, our malignant sneers, there is only one possible cure; we must bring the heart, out of which all the evil comes, to Jesus Christ, that He may create it anew; we must accept our failures as evidence of an imperfect surrender, and come afresh with a more insistent cry, and a more perfect faith, that He may reign in our hearts as undisputed Lord, checking, subduing, warring down, every evil motion there."*

The following story illustrates what the Gospel of Jesus Christ will do in helping one who is truly converted to overcome his weaknesses. A Japanese living at Fujioka was given to strong intoxicants. This had a terrible effect on his temper. When he became a Christian, he gave up the evil habit and became regenerated. One day an unfortunate incident made his wife realize the remarkable change that had taken place in him. Through her carelessness some silk worms' eggs had become partially destroyed. She trembled with fear lest when her husband found it out he would become enraged and punish her as he had often done before. To her amazement he remained calm as he said, We can distribute the un-

*R. F. Horton.

harmed ones among our poor neighbors. They will then have a larger crop so it will be better than if we had sold them and taken all the money ourselves."

Topics and Questions for Discussion

1. Point out the effect of keeping the Word of Wisdom and of observing a monthly fast in the matter of self-control.

2. What has helped you to rule your spirit?

3. Give some suggestions for curbing anger.

4. Read the following Proverbs commenting on the ones that especially appeal to you: 15:18; 11:12; 17:4; 25:28; 29:22; 26:21; 22:24; 19:19.

Literature

(For Third Week in November)

ADVENTURES IN READING

The Glory of the Commonplace

"If thou wilt receive profit, read with humility, simplicity, and faith; and seek not at any time the fame of being learned." *Thomas A. Kempis.*

THE earth and its fulness is man's heritage. Its bounty is for his sustenance; its beauty is for his delight; and its mystery for his inspiration. It is truly a goodly heritage.

To understand the nature and mystery of his heritage Man has ever striven. The unknown and the invisible stirred him in the quest. But always the violet's perfume, the thrush's note, the star's constancy sang to him of the glory of the commonplace, and

"From an eye made quiet with the power
Of Harmony, and the deep power of Joy,
We see into the life of things."

The Glory of the Commonplace

The true poetry of life — the poetry of the common things — a flower, a bird, a simple cottager, a toilworn woman—the things that lie around us is the expression of the greatest poets. Literature is made of many patterns and of many themes. Out of the intensity of Greek life and thought came classic patterns; out of the scaredness of Hebrew philosophy came great themes; out of the simplicity of the common life of man came the glory of the commonplace.

English Poetry like the literature of Western Europe grew simply and slowly out of the adventures of life. Folk tales, legends, ballads of love, daring and mystery marked its early expression. Then came the Renaissance with the revival of the classic patterns. Slowly simple forms and simple themes gave way to epic poems and tragic drama. Shakespeare mingled the old and the new into a romanticism that is still the wonder of man. The School of Classicists, English and French, of the seventeenth century made of literature a stilted form of expression. Slowly to the world came the beauty of the Hebrew story of Ruth, and the simple parables of the Teacher of Galilee. Gray, Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats sang the songs of Nature and from the nightingale's note, the daffodil's dance, the cotter's life, the Spring's return, learned anew the glory of the commonplace.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard—Thomas Gray

Gray's "Elegy" has become the best-known poem in the English language. Thomas Gray, a melancholy young poet, kept the poem eight years revising and polishing it. The churchyard that gave the inspiration for the poem is that of Stoke Poges, a little village near London. The poem was written when the classical school of writers with gilded phrases and stilted themes was being replaced by the romantic school with its simple expressions of the life of common people. The poem is loved for the simplicity of its form, the wistful beauty of its language, and the humanity of its theme—"the short and simple annals of the poor."

The setting of the poem is a simple village nestled round an ivy-covered church at eventide. The poet meditates upon the obscure lives of the villagers. Some of their forefathers sleep in the graveyard. Death is the common end of all—"the paths of glory lead but to the grave." No pealing anthem, or stately monument can stay the unwelcome guest. Among these sleeping villagers who will know no more the joys of home and loved ones might be one whom had the chance given "the rod of empire might have swayed." Yet these simple folks asked no more than a simple monument, a simple epitaph. The poet anticipates the time when he will join them "a youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown" and so he pens his own epitaph.

No poem in the English language has given so many lines of choice expression to become familiar as the "Elegy".

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The Cotter's Saturday Night—Robert Burns

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

The poem opening with the lines from Gray's "Elegy" carries the spirit of Romanticism ushered into English literature by that poem and Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village." Robert Burns in the language of the unlettered men of his time and race sang of the dignity of simple life. He revealed the true greatness of his native Scotland as it was builded upon the stalwart idealism of its peasants.

The humble cottager goes to his home thankful that the weekly toil is ended. When he is greeted by his thrifty wife and bonnie children around the cheerful hearth the toil is forgotten. Later the older children come in from their service to near-by farmers. Jenny, then "eldest hope" is a woman grown. As brothers and sisters meet on this weekly occasion, bits of gossip, fragments of news, words of wisdom pass the rounds of the family circle. As the neighbor lad joins the happy group the wily mother notes the kindle in Jenny's eyes. The simple supper "crowns the cheerful board." Then the cotter with the dignity of a patriarch old, lifts the family Bible from its place on the shelf declaring with solemn air "Let us worship God." After reading from the sacred page the priest-like father and his family kneel in prayer.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad,

Princes and lords are but the breath
of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work
of God."

The poem is concluded with an invocation for Scotland's security and nobility.

Snowbound—John Greenleaf Whittier

Whittier has been called "The American Burns" because of the similarity of the rural idyls written by the two poets. The poet was born at the old homestead described in "Snowbound" at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807. In explaining the poem Whittier wrote: "The inmates of the family at the homestead were my father, my mother, my brother and two sisters, and my uncle and aunt, both unmarried. In addition, there was the district schoolmaster who boarded with us. In my boyhood in our lonely farmhouse we had scanty sources of information, few books and only a small weekly newspaper. Our only annual was the almanac. Under such circumstances story-telling was a natural resource in the long winter evenings. My father, when a young man, had traversed the wilderness in Canada, and could tell us of his sojourns in the French villages. My uncle was ready with his record of hunting and fishing, and mother, who was born in the Indian-haunted region of New Hampshire, told us of the experiences of her ancestors." Today the visitor to the farm house may see every detail as pictured even to the turkey wing used to brush up the hearth.

Whittier's parents belonged to the Society of Friends known as Quakers. Growing up in this strict simple faith prepared him to be the foremost religious poet of America. He is better known, however, for his great pastoral poem "Snowbound" an idyl of pioneer life in any rural section of the country in the nineteenth century.

The poem consists of descriptions, characterizations, and reminiscences of the group by the fireside. The setting of the poem is the snow storm, outside a world glistening and unknown, inside seated about the clean-winged hearth enjoying nuts, apples, and cider, the dear family circle. Spending the time with stories old, the men folks entertained as mother turned her wheel, dear aunt with gracious calm dreamed of her girlhood memories, and the elder sister plied the evening tasks. The interesting character of the family circle is the schoolmaster "brisk wielder of the birch and rule," at school, yet "a careless boy around the fire he seemed." A week passed by and the glad sound of sleigh-bells announced the village doctor on his rounds and the family was snowbound no longer. The schoolmaster of "Snowbound" is interesting when compared with a similar characterization by Goldsmith in "The Deserted Village."

"A man severe he was, and stearn
to view
.....
Yet he was kind, or if severe inaught,
The love he bore to learning was in
fault;
.....
The village all declared how much
he knew.
'Twas certain he could write, and
cipher too
While words of learned length and
thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranging
round;
And still they gazed, and still the
wonder grew
That one small head could carry all
he knew."

Laureates of Childhood

James Whitcomb Riley and Eu-

gene Field have endeared themselves to many because of their poetry of childhood.

The "Hoosier Poet" of humble scenes of rustic America sang out of his love of children—

"Awake he loved their voices,
And wove them into rhyme;
And the music of their laughter
Was with him all the time."

James Whitcomb Riley was trained for a lawyer but he left school for the carefree life with a band of traveling actors down the great Ohio Valley. The way to literature came with service as a columnist in a newspaper office. Several volumes of poems were published this way. Mingling smiles and tears in Hoosier dialect, Riley sang his way to the hearts of the American people. There is genuine melody in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," and "An Old Swimmin' Hole." "Afterwhiles," "When the Frost is on the Punkin," and "Little Orphant Annie" never grow old.

Eugene Field also met his first literary success as a journalist; he was one of the first newspaper columnists. Humor, pathos, and sentiment mark the verse of Eugene Field; sparkle and gay abandon the prose. "Little Boy Blue" strikes the depths of feeling; "Sharps and Flats" furnished daily laughs for the readers of the day. As a fore-runner of the columnists—Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, and George Ade—Eugene Field is remembered, but today's writer who best resembles the pioneer in style and content is Franklin Pierce Adams, the "F. P. A." of the New York World. "Limitations of Youth," "Seein' Things," and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" are read today with enjoyment and appreciation.

Acres of Diamonds

The celebrated lecturer, Dr. Russel Cornwell, and founder of Temple University coined for all time the significance of the words "Acres of Diamonds" to preach the gospel "Right where you are is the place for fortune and happiness."

The celebrated lecture "Acres of Diamonds" begins with the story that gives it its title: The lecturer was traveling down the river Tigris with an Arab guide when he first heard the story: Alf Hafed, a wealthy Hindu, lived on the banks of the Indus in content and security. Hearing from a mendicant priest the value and beauty of diamonds, Alf Hafed knew rest no more. Settling his estate he went off in quest of "a mine of diamonds." He wandered in many lands, reduced himself to poverty and died in despair. The man who bought Alf Hafed's farm one day led his camel out into the garden to drink. As the animal put its nose down into the shallow stream a flash of light came from the sands—and thus were discovered the diamond mines of Golconda—acres of diamonds. Incident follows incident in other famous lectures, each one teaching the gospel of opportunity, and extolling the glory of the commonplace.

Guide to Preparation

A. Suggested topics for Lesson Assignments.
   1. Pioneer Days—The setting of "Snowbound," Whittier.
   2. Robert Burns—Peasant Singer.
   3. Reading: "The Cotter's Saturday Night," Burns.
   4. Description—The Scene of Gray's Elegy.
   5. Retold Story—"Acres of Diamonds," Dr. Cornwell.

Guide to Reading

A. "The Deserted Village," Goldsmith.
A poem of pastoral beauty, painting the portraits of two passing figures, the village preacher and the rural schoolmaster.

B. Janice Meredith, Paul Leicester Ford.
Colonel Carter of Cartersville, L. H. Smith.
Stories of Colonial Days in America.

C. "Richard Carvel" — Winston Churchill.
"A Man for the Ages"—Irving Bacheller.
Stories painting vividly, pictures of Civil War days and the great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln.

D. "Master Skylark"—John Bennet.
"Kenilworth"—Scott.
Stories of the days of Shakespeare.

E. "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"—John Fox, Jr.
A story of the Civil War days for the family circle. Boys especially will enjoy this human interest story.

Note: Each teacher should choose from the wealth of material this lesson offers the selections that will best fit her class.

Bibliography for Literary Lessons

WE publish herewith the titles of the literary lessons for 1935-36 and underneath each title, books that may be used in the lesson. We wish to emphasize again that we do not expect any teacher to cover all the material in the lesson, but to select such parts as she thinks will best fit her group. It would be well for the teacher during the summer to try to locate these books and read as many as possible, also to ask librarians to keep them on reserve during the months when they will be needed for the lesson work.

The first few lessons can be thoroughly prepared during the summer vacation, as they are appearing in the Magazine, the first one beginning in the May issue. We expect the work will be unusually fine next season because of this added time for preparation.

LESSON FOR OCTOBER

ADVENTURES IN READING

Hans Christian Anderson.
The Clay Cart—Sanskrit.
The Soul of the Great Bell—Chinese.
Evangeline—Longfellow.
The Land of the Blue Flower—Van Dyke.
Norse Stories Retold — Hamilton Mabie.
The Oxford Book of Ballads, Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller—Couch.
The Boy Knight of Rheims.
The Trumpeter of Cracon—Toundsbury.
The Arabian Nights.

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER

THE GLORY OF THE COMMONPLACE

Snowbound—Whittier.
Poems—Robert Burns.
Gray's Elegy.
Acres of Diamonds—Cornwell.
The Deserted Village—Goldsmith.
Janice Meredith — Paul Leicester Ford.
Colonel Carter of Cartersville—L. H. Smith.
Stories of Colonial Days in America.
Richard Carvel—Winston Churchill.
A Man for the Ages—Irving Bacheller.
Stories of Abraham Lincoln.
Master Skylark—John Bennet.
Kenelworth—Scott.
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come—John Fox, Jr.
Poems of Eugene Field.

DECEMBER LESSON

SOUL HARBORS

Excelsior—Longfellow.
A Man for the Ages—Irving Bacheller.
The Life of Saint Francis d'Assisi—Paul Sabitier.
How to Live on Twenty Four Hours A Day—Arnold Bennett.
In Memoriam—Tennyson.

JANUARY LESSON

THE MAGIC OF IMAGINATION

Peter Pan—Barrie.
The Blue Bird—Maeterlinck.
Mid-Summer Night's Dream—Shakespeare.
The Life of the Bee—Maeterlinck.
The Celtic Twilight—Yeats.
Chanticler—Rostand.

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY

BOOK FRIENDS

Pippa Passes—Browning.
Charles Dickens, Humanist.
David Copperfield—Dickens.
The Bishop's Candlesticks from Les Miserables—Hugo.
Men and Women—Browning.

LESSONS FOR APRIL

COMPANIONABLE BOOKS

A Life of Benjamin Franklin.
The Life of Samuel Johnson—James Boswell.
The Life of Elbert Hubbard.
An American Bible—Hubbard.
Essays, Self Reliance, Compensation—Emerson.
The Book Nobody Knows—Bruce Barton.
Mothers and Children—Fisher.
Long and Short Arrows—Brimhall.
Adventures in Contentment—Grayson.

LESSON FOR MAY

A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE

Life of Jane Austin.
Life of Jane Eyre.
Life of Charlotte Bronte—E. C. Gaskell.
Poems of Emily Bronte.
Testament of Youth—Vera Brittan.
The Piper—Josephine Peabody.
Margaret Ogilvy—James Barrie.
Her Son's Wife—Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
Poems for a Little Girl—Hilda Conklin.

LESSON FOR JUNE

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

Plet—Alfred Lambourne.
The Prophet—Kahil Gibran.
The Canterbury Pilgrims — Percy MacKaye.
Magic Spades—Steffins.
The Exiles—Alfred Osmond.
The King's Henchman—Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Social Service

(For Fourth Week in November)

LESSON II—THE USE OF OUR NATURAL RESOURCES

Text, *Civic Sociology,* Edward A. Ross

CHAPTER II

The general purposes of this lesson are:

1. To translate into terms of every day living the facts of the decreasing abundance of natural resources.

2. To acquire the attitude of using natural resources for the greatest good of the greatest number and for the longest time.

This can be accomplished by first acquiring a knowledge of the facts presented in the text and in the lesson guide and secondly by relating the information to present conditions of life.

As a result of the increasing pressure upon the natural resources of the country show that the following statements are present reactions to the situation.

1. Homes cannot be acquired now as easily as they were during the past generation.

2. Today, arable land cannot be secured except by purchase at advanced prices.

3. The desire for the independence and freedom of the great "out-of-doors" cannot be easily satisfied.

4. Large margins of profit from the soil or from industry cannot be looked for at the present time.

5. Children should not be left to an uncertain future on the basis of our own past experiences or the achievements of our grandparents.

6. We cannot go out to conquer the wilderness with the assurance of economic independence as a reward for hard work.

Show that the following obligations are a result of the above reactions:

1. We must realize we are entering a new social and economic era.
2. We must strive to prepare our young people to meet the new era.
3. We must learn to conserve all goods and resources for ourselves and future generations.
4. We must realize that our duty is to the future generations as well as to the present.

The physical conditions under which any group of people lives determines very largely the culture of that particular group. The association of all groups of people is characterized by a particular type of culture. The term "culture" in sociology is used to describe the associated, organized life of society, its thoughts, habits, and patterns of behavior, or that which characterized it as distinct from another society. The abundant resources of the United States have gone far in determining the culture of the people. The characteristics of the western mining communities, the cattle and sheep ranchers of the west, the fishermen who search for the fruit of the sea, are all guided in their cultural development by the physiographical character of the locality in which they live. With the trend in the United States definitely pointing toward an increasing pressure on natural resources life must assume a new basis of culture.

Natural conditions have been one of the most important forces shaping the destiny of man. His mind has been stimulated to reverence natural phenomena, leading him to deify the various forces, and thus to worship them as gods. His reverence and respect for powers greater than his own have been attributed partly to the geographic conditions under which he lived. These conditions have played a most important part in his development. The early history of man shows that he followed those regions where natural resources made living easy because the climate was mild, or where the fertile river valleys made agriculture profitable, or where game lived in abundance to furnish food. Man has struggled constantly to harness the forces of nature. Increasing civilization has indicated increasing domination over nature, and the overcoming of natural barriers, mountains, rivers, and oceans, thus making arid regions also contribute to the sustenance of mankind. The energy of waterfalls and coal beds has been converted into productive enterprise. Through sanitation the fever-stricken and unhealthy places of the earth have been reclaimed. Man's progress can be measured by his domination over the forces of nature. As long as he was struggling to control the forces of nature his mental and emotional life was greatly colored by that struggle. Today, however, his emotional life is increasingly controlled by the economic organization, the culture, and the mechanical nature of civilization as it has developed. It is only reasonable, then, to assume that man's entire life including his spiritual, emotional, and economic views, will be different today from what it has been in the past, under the influences of the present industrial and machine age. We may well ask what effect the culture and achievements of the present age will have upon man's spiritual and religious ideals?

In relation to the second objective

of the lesson, the former extravagant use of natural resources is described as follows:

"More than three-fourths of our original forest area has been culled, cut over, or burned, since colonial times. Wholesale logging methods have swept vast areas bare of valuable timber. Careless cutting has wasted a quarter of our timber supply. In the lumber mills about 40 per cent of the entire volume of the logs is lost by wasteful methods of work. Since 1870 forest fires have annually destroyed more than $50,000,000 worth of timber. Our timber supply is diminishing three or four times as fast as we replenish it.

Deforestation has also an injurious effect upon agriculture. When heavy rains wash valuable surface soil from the tops and sides of hills these denuded areas are rendered less valuable for grazing, while the over abundance of top soil in the valley retards effective cultivation. Agriculture also suffers from the fact that streams which would ordinarily furnish a steady supply of irrigation water are often either in a state of flood or practically dried up.

The result is higher prices for coal, wood, iron, oil, gas, and similar commodities. It is at least partly due to the heavy drain upon our resources that the cost of building homes, heating them, feeding the population, and carrying on the varied activities of American industry has increased.

Natural resources should be safeguarded for the benefit of the people as a whole, yet much of our natural wealth has been monopolized by individuals. Four-fifths of our timber lands are privately owned, and of that four-fifths about half is controlled by 250 companies. Two-thirds of the developed water power in this country is controlled by a small group of power interests. Defective land laws, the lax administration of good laws, and extravagant land grants to railroads have allowed private fortunes to be built up without a proportionate advantage to the public. Coal and petroleum deposits are controlled largely by a few corporations, while a heavy percentage of our copper and iron deposits is in private hands." (Williams and Wesley, "Principles of Social Science," pp. 66-.....)

Activities

1. If your own community was originally settled through man's effort to exploit some of the natural resources, show that the entire life of the community has been colored by that original purpose. If the resource had been other than what it was, what differences would have developed? Compare the religious, social, and intellectual life of the average agricultural community with that of the average mining community.

2. Show the relationship between the following signs often seen in the "great out of doors" and the preservation of our resources, "Don't pick the wild flowers," "break your match," "put out your fire," "Clean your camp," "You drink this water." As citizens what obligation have we after reading such suggestion?

3. Discuss the proposition, "No one has the right to use a natural resource lavishly even though there is plenty."

4. Outline the particular conservation needs of your own community.

References: Van Hise, "Conservation of Natural Resources."

Mission Lessons

HEALTH LESSONS 1935-1936

Lesson II—Fresh Air and Sunshine

THE autobiography of Doctor Trudeau is a book written in the blood of a human heart. He was an ambitious intelligent young American who in the course of his medical studies contracted tuberculosis of the lungs. Judged by the previous record of that dreaded disease he had just one chance in fifteen for recovery. A tragedy stared him in the face.

Undismayed he undertook his own cure. He got outside of houses and slept in the open where he could have the fresh air uncontaminated. In the coldest winter weather he covered himself up warm and slept out though he was at Saranac Lake high in the Adirondacks where the temperature went away below zero. He discovered that God made the medicine that cures tuberculosis, and gives it to us without charge.

Previous to his time a diagnosis of consumption was almost like a death sentence. In the vain hope of doing something the physician prescribed creosote, and cod liver oil, and other drugs, but they did little good. But Trudeau showed that fresh air is the only medicine we can rely on, and he established what is known as the sanatorium treatment of tuberculosis. The plan of the sanatorium is to arrange an outdoor sleeping porch for each patient, abundance of nourishing food, and rest in bed when there is fever. If it is started early in the disease, before cavities have formed in the lungs, there is a good chance for cure.

Now while fresh air has revolutionized the treatment of tuberculosis it is shown to be of great benefit in all other diseases. If we are in perfect health we are not nearly so likely to contract an infectious disease as we are if our vitality for any reason is diminished. Sleeping in a room which is not properly ventilated, and where we have to breathe contaminated air, is one of the most effectual ways of lowering our vitality. The germs of disease are all around us, 25% of people have the organism of pneumonia habitually in their throats. They do not contract the disease, although they have the germs in their system, as long as the vitality is kept up to standard. But let that individual with the pneumonia germs in his throat go for several hours in the cold with wet clothing, or let him sleep in a stuffy room where he breathes contaminated air, and his vitality will be so lowered that the germs can lodge in the lung and start a process of pneumonia, which will be very serious.

We should always keep the sleeping apartment well ventilated. It is the custom with some people to shut the windows of their bedroom up at night, because they fear that there is danger in night air. One wonders what other kind of air we could breathe at night but night air. Now wherever we are whether in Germany, or England, or France, or America, or any other part of the world it is important to ventilate well our houses by day and by night if we would keep our vitality up to the point of resistance. We shall thereby not only prevent illness, but help to cure ourselves of any infection we may already have contracted.

In the older days the author of this article saw a real miracle. The New Testament tells of the pool of Bethesda at Jerusalem, where many

indigent people lay around year after year watching for the water, and that whoever got in the pool first after the stirring would be cured of his disease. In the great London Hospital at Mile End, I saw multitudes of people with the apparently uncurable disease known as lupus, which is really tuberculosis of the skin, waiting around the clinic month after month and year after year in the hope that somebody could do something for them. Then an angel did come and stir the water and they all began to get well. The Danish born queen Alexandria went back to her native Copenhagen and learned of the work of Finson in the application of light for the treatment of diseases. Finson had noticed that the children on the sunny side of the dormitory always seemed to thrive better and look more ruddy than those on the shady side. He invented great lenses for concentrating the sunlight on certain diseased areas like the patches of lupus, and found that it would cure them.

Queen Alexandria installed a Finson light apartment in the London Hospital on her return from Copenhagen to the great relief of those indigent subjects of lupus. On my return after an absence of nine years I saw nurses at relays of twenty minutes applying concentrated pencils of light to the patches of lupus, and these unfortunate people were actually being cured of their disease, and moving on. With trees and shrubs and flowers we note the effect on their growth and their apparent vitality of sunlight. Those which grow under the shadow of the house or in any position where they fail to get their full contingent of sunshine, do not thrive and prosper as the same plants do when they get the sunlight unimpeded.

And the same thing is true of human beings. We thrive best when we get a proper amount of sunshine. The sunlight is a very powerful disinfectant. Mattresses or blankets from the sick room which cannot easily be sterilized by other methods will be rapidly sterilized by laying them out in the bright sunlight. But the sunlight must not have to pass through window glass or it loses its power.

Questions

Tell about the work of Doctor Trudeau.

What great system of treatment did he discover?

How does fresh air prevent us from taking diseases?

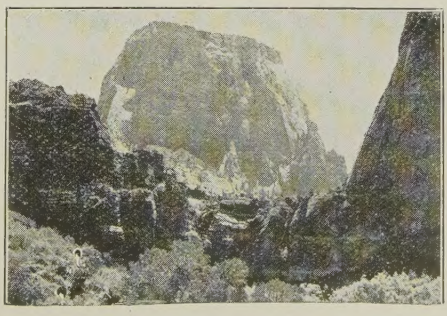
Why should we not shut the windows at night?

How does the sanitorium treat tuberculosis?

Why should we choose a sunny room for the sick person?

How may we use the sunshine as a disinfectant?

What benefit can you imagine from the sun bath?



Home

By Bertha M. Rosvear

Home is such a pleasant place,
The things we prize are there,
Pictures and books, a shaded lamp
Beside an easy chair.
Each room holds something sacred,
Prized not for worth alone,
But for the joy of knowing
It's all our very own.

Home is such a happy place,
Our children at our side,
A wealth of joy and pride they bring
And peace doth there abide.

Each kindly friend and neighbor
Will find an open gate,
And in our homely pleasures
All may participate.

Home is such a hallowed place,
Our best beloved are there,
Or perhaps a cherished memory
Around a vacant chair.
Ah! there we know is sympathy,
True hearts that feel, and love,
And there our family altar
Where we worship God above.

To a Waiting Spirit

Rejoice, oh waiting spirit,
For on the earth today
A woman is preparing
A temple of fine clay;
A lovely mortal temple
And you shall claim it there,
It is a thing of beauty
And wrought with tender care,
For in it she is weaving
And spinning with fine art
The fibres of her being,
The love-tones of her heart,
And patiently and tenderly
She guards it day and night
And waits the glorious moment
When you shall give it light.

Rejoice, oh waiting spirit,
That He has understood
And linked His earth with heaven
By giving motherhood.

—*Roxanna Farnsworth Hase.*

To a Friend

By Merling D. Clyde

I came into your town, dear friend,
A stranger feeling blue;
The people passed me coldly by,
Then I one day met you.

Something seemed to blossom
Like a flower, kissed by the dew,
When the sun comes up a' smiling
Giving promise ever new.

The months go by so swiftly,
We our diverse paths pursue;
Meeting sometimes, always knowing
That the bond is holding true.

There's a gentle smile in passing,
A handclasp when we meet;
The knowledge of your presence
Brings a blessing that is sweet.

A cheery word of greeting,
A wish I know is true,
I'm on my way rejoicing
The gray skies turned to blue.

God never made a precious gem
So wondrous rare or fine
As human hearts lit by the flame
Of friendship's fire divine.

So I'm glad I came a' straying
Into this town of thine,
For I have a priceless treasure
In your friendship, friend of mine.

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